

PAGANY

A NATIVE QUARTERLY

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EVELINE HUTCHINS

John Dos Passos

I.

Little Eveline and Arget and Lade and Gogo lived on the top floor of a yellowbrick house on the North Shore Drive. Arget and Lade were little Eveline's sisters. Gogo was her little brother, littler than Eveline; he had such nice blue eyes but Miss Mathilda had horrid blue eyes. On the floor below was Dr. Hutchins' study where Yourfather mustn't be disturbed, and Dearmother's room where she stayed all morning painting, dressed in a lavender smock. On the groundfloor was the drawingroom and the diningroom, where parishioners came and little children must be seen and not heard, and at dinnertime you could smell good things to eat and hear knives and forks and tinkly companyvoices and Yourfather's booming scary voice and when Yourfather's voice was going all the companyvoices were quiet. When Yourfather stood beside the bed at night to see that little girls said their prayers she would close her eyes tight-scared. It was only when she'd hopped into bed and snuggled way down so that the covers were right across her nose that she felt cosy.

George was a dear although Adelaide and Margaret teased him and said he was their assistant like Mr. Blessington was Father's assistant. George always caught things first and then they all had them. It was lovely when they had the measles and the mumps all at once. They stayed in bed and had hyacinths in pots and guineapigs and Dearmother used to

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come up and read the JungleBook and do funny pictures and Yourfather would come up and make funny birdbeaks that opened out of paper and tell stories he made up right out of his head and Dearmother said he had said prayers for you children in church and that made them feel fine and grownup.

When they were all up and playing in the nursery George caught something again and had monia on account of getting cold on his chest and Yourfather was very solemn and said not to grieve if God called little brother away. But God brought little George back to them only he was delicate after that and had to wear glasses, and when Dearmother let Eveline help bathe him because Miss Mathilda was having the measles too Eveline noticed he had something funny there where she didn't have anything. She asked Dearmother if it was a mump and why the doctor hadn't cured it when he cured the monia, but Dearmother scolded her and said she was a vulgar little girl to have looked. "Hush child dont ask questions." Eveline got red all over and cried and Adelaide and Margaret wouldnt speak to her for days on account of her being a vulgar little girl.

Summers they all went to Maine with Miss Mathilda in a drawing-room. George and Eveline slept in the upper and Adelaide and Margaret slept in the lower and Miss Mathilda was trainsick and didnt close her eyes all night on the sofa opposite. The train went rumblebump chug chug and the trees and houses ran by, the front ones fast and those way off very slow and at night the engine wailed and the children couldnt make out why the strong nice tall conductor was so nice to Miss Mathilda who was so silly and trainsick. Maine smelt all woodsy and mother and father were there to meet them and they all put on khaki jumpers and went camping with Father and the guides. It was Eveline who learned to swim quicker than anybody.

Father made them all learn This is the forest pry meval the murmur ringpines and the hem locks and say it by heart and he read Hiawatha aloud rainy days. They made little baskets out of birchbark and Mother bought a little pillow that smelt oh so lovely and they all laughed till they cried it was so cunning what the pillow said written on it FOR YOU I PINE AND SOMETIMES BALSAM and a picture of an Indian little girl that Adelaide said was Minnehaha.

When Father took them all out in a canoe on the lake George was awful scared. Father talked about the beauties of nature and evergreens and birchtrees and sunsets and the Great Spirit and Gitchi Manitou the Mighty and how God was Love and men were brothers and sisters. Eveline

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liked it if they were little brothers like George, but little George was scared all the time out on the lake and about Gitchy Manitou and everything and threw up and mother put him to bed and Mother said it was too many flapjacks but Adelaide and Margaret giggled and were hateful. That night Eveline prayed please Father God teach little George how to swim and not to be scared out in a canoe and take away Margaret and Adelaide and Miss Mathilda who 's so silly like you were going to take George away when he had monia.

Going back to Chicago it would be autumn and Mother loved the lovely autumn foliage that made Miss Mathilda feel so traurig on account of winter coming on, and the frost on the grass beyond the shadows of the cars out of the trainwindow in the morning. At home Sam would be scrubbing the enamel paint and Phoebe and Miss Mathilda would be putting up curtains and the nursery would smell traurig of mothballs. One fall Father started to read aloud a little of the Ideals of the King every night after they were all tucked into bed. All the winter Adelaide and Margaret were King Arthur and Queen Wenever. Eveline wanted to be Elaine the Fair but Adelaide said she couldnt because her hair was mousy and she had a face like a pie, so she had to be the Maiden Evelina.

The Maiden Evelina used to go into Miss Mathilda's room when she was out and look at herself for a long time in the lookingglass. Her hair wasn't mousy, it was quite fair if only they would let her have it curly instead of in pigtails and even if her eyes werent blue like George's they had little green specks in them. Her forehead was noble. She had princess's carriage. Miss Mathilda caught her staring like that into the mirror one day.

"Talk to yourself and you're talking to the devil," said Miss Mathilda in her nasty stiff German way.

Eveline went into one of her tantrums and fought and tried to bite and scratch and was put to bed without any supper. It wasnt dark yet and she couldnt go to sleep. She lay there hating everybody, Mother and Miss Mathilda and Adelaide and Margaret who were so mean and thought they were so smart because they'd been to a party. She loved Father and George so she had them out in the yard when the house caught fire, but she rescued them all at the last minute and they were all so sorry they'd been mean to her even Miss Mathilda who was the last one she rescued and they crowned the Maiden Evelina Queen in the baronial hall and she was so sorry glad and she and George and Father all went away on a trip together. But she loved them all so much she began to cry and went to sleep crying feeling warm and traurig cosy crying.

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A little girl with red hair named Elaine sat at the next desk to Eveline at school. Eveline thought she was so lovely she used to make up about seeing a barge after bedtime coming in across the lake and Elaine lying asleep on it on a bed all made of purple traurig velvet and Eveline would go down and get on the barge and kiss her and she'd wake up and they'd snuggle down together into the soft balsam pillows and the barge would be paddled by Indians in rich robes and start moving into the traurig sunset where the happy-hunting grounds were and Our Father tall redstone Gitchi Manitou leaning over their heads.

When Eveline was twelve years old they moved to a bigger house over on Drexel Boulevard. Adelaide and Margaret went east to boardingschool at New Hope and Mother had to go spend the winter with friends at Santa Fe on account of her health. It was fun eating breakfast every morning with just Dad and George and Miss Mathilda who was getting elderly and paid more attention to running the house and to reading Sir Gilbert Parker's novels than to the children. Eveline didnt like school but she liked having Dad help her with her latin evenings and do algebra equations for her. She thought he was wonderful when he preached so kind and good from the pulpit and was proud of being the minister's daughter at Sunday afternoon bibleclass. She thought a great deal about the fatherhood of God and the woman of Samaria and Joseph of Arimathea and Baldur the beautiful and the Brotherhood of Man and the apostle that Jesus loved. That Christmas she took around a lot of baskets to poor people's houses. Poverty was dreadful and the poor were so scary and why didnt God do something about the problems and evils of Chicago, and the conditions, she'd ask her father. He'd smile and say she was too young to worry about those things yet. She called him Dad now and was his Pal.

On her birthday Mother sent her a beautiful illustrated book of the Blessed Damosel by Dante Gabriel Rosetti with colored illustrations from his paintings and those of Burne Jones. She used to say the name Dante Gabriel Rosetti over and over to herself like traurig she loved it so. She started painting and writing little verses about choirs of angels and little poor children at Christmastime. The first picture she did in oils was a portrait of Elaine that she sent her mother for Christmas. It didnt look much like Elaine but everybody said it showed great talent. When friends of Dad's came to dinner they'd say when they were introduced to her "So this is the talented one, it is?"

Adelaide and Margaret were pretty scornful about all that when they came home from school. They said the house looked dowdy and

nothing had any style to it in Chicago, and wasn't it awful being minister's daughters, but of course Dad wasn't like an ordinary minister in a white tie, he was a Unitarian and very broad and more like a prominent author or scientist. George was getting to be a sulky little boy with dirty fingernails who never could keep his necktie straight and was always breaking his glasses. Eveline was working on a portrait of him the way he had been when he was little with blue eyes and gamboge curls. She used to cry over her paints she loved him so and little poor children she saw on the street. Everybody said she ought to study art.

It was Adelaide who first met Sally Emerson. One Easter they were going to put on *Aglavaine and Selizette* at the church for charity. Miss Rodgers the French teacher at Dr. Grant's school was going to coach them and said that they ought to ask Mrs Philip Payne Emerson, who had seen the original production abroad, about the scenery and costumes; and that besides her interest would be invaluable to make it *go*; everything that Sally Emerson was interested in *went*. The Hutchins girls were all excited when Dr Hutchins called up Mrs Emerson on the telephone and asked if Adelaide might come over some morning and ask her advice about some amateur theatricals. They'd already sat down to lunch when Adelaide came back, her eyes shining. She wouldn't say much except that Mrs Philip Payne Emerson knew Metterlink intimately and that she was coming to tea, but kept declaring "She's the most stylish woman I ever met."

Next day Mrs Emerson and Miss Rodgers came to tea. Eveline was miserable on account of her dress that she didn't think was becoming and couldn't seem to open her mouth to say anything for a long time. Mrs Emerson wore rouge and the most beautiful dress Eveline had ever seen and shocked Miss Rodgers by smoking a cigarette. She was very funny too and made them all laugh and told them about the Chateau where Maurice Maeterlinck lived and the first Madame Maeterlinck and Georgette LeBlanc and it was all very worldly and stylish and would have shocked Eveline like it shocked Miss Rodgers but she had such an adorable confidential manner of taking everybody into the conversation and she was so good looking and stylish. She said she would come to see a rehearsal and played a little Debussy for them on the piano, and after she'd seen Eveline's sketches for the costumes she began talking more to Eveline than to the other girls. But Eveline couldn't manage to say a thing that sounded sensible or witty. That night the girls all got together in Eveline's room when they were getting ready for bed and talked about Mrs Philip Payne Emerson. They all thought she was wonderful.

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Adelaide said she wished the drawingroom hadnt looked so poky and old-fashioned and that as for her she might as well admit she had a terrible crush on Sally Emerson. Eveline felt like that too but she couldnt get to say anything about it and her sisters said she was an insensitive clod.

Night and day Eveline thought of nothing but Sally Emerson. *Aglavaine and Selizette* didnt turn out quite as the Hutchins girls and Miss Rodgers had hoped but in the week after Easter Eveline got a message one morning that Mrs Emerson had asked her to lunch that day and only her. Adelaide and Margaret were so mad they would hardly speak to her. She felt pretty shaky when she set off into the icy dusty brightwindy day. At the last minute Adelaide had lent her a hat and Margaret her fur neckpiece, so that she wouldnt disgrace them they said. By the time she got to the Emersons' house she was chilled to the bone. She had a hard time to keep her teeth from chattering when the respectable elderly colored man opened the door. She was ushered into a little dressing room with all kinds of brushes and combs and silver jars with powder and even rouge and toiletwaters in purple green and pink bottles and left to take off her things. When she saw herself in the big mirror she almost screamed she looked so young and piefaced and her dress was so horrid. The only thing that looked any good was the foxfur so she kept that on when she went into the big upstairs lounge with its deep grey carpet soft underfoot and the sunlight pouring in through French windows onto bright colors and the black polished grandpiano. There were big bowls of freezias on every table and yellow and pink French and German books of reproductions of paintings. Even the sootbitten blocks of Chicago houses flattened under the wind and the zero sunlight looked exciting and foreign through the big pattern of the yellow lace curtains. In the rich smell of the freezias there was a little expensive whisp of cigarettesmoke.

Sally Emerson came in smoking a cigarette and said "Excuse me my dear," some wretched woman had had her impaled on the telephone like a butterfly on a pin for the last halfhour. They ate lunch at a little table the elderly colored man brought in all set and Eveline was treated just like a grownup woman and a glass of sherry poured out for her. She only dared take a sip but it was delicious and the lunch was all crispy and creamy with cheese grated on things and she would have eaten a lot if she hadnt felt so shy. Sally Emerson talked about how clever Eveline's costumes had been for the show and said she must keep up her drawing and talked about how there were as many people with artistic ability in Chicago as anywhere in the world and what was lacking was the milieu, the atmosphere my dear, and that the social leaders were all

vicious numskulls and that it was up to the few people who cared about art to stick together and create the rich beautiful milieu they needed, and about Paris, and about Mary Garden, and Debussy. Eveline went home with her head reeling with names and pictures little snatches out of operas and in her nose the tickling smell of the freezias mixed with toasted cheese and cigarettesmoke. When she got home everything looked so cluttered and bare and ugly she burst out crying and wouldnt answer any of her sisters' questions.

That June after school was over, when they all went out to Santa Fe to see her mother, for the first time in her life Eveline was sorry to leave Chicago. She'd met such interesting people through Sally Emerson, the Shusters who were art critics and such a goodlooking boy who wanted to study painting, Eric Egstrom who was blonde and had blue eyes like George, and Dad was beginning to treat her like a grownup person and let her come down when he had friends in Saturdays or Sunday evenings after church. She was awfully depressed out at Santa Fe, the sun was so hot and the eroded hills were so dry and dusty and Mother had gotten so washedout looking and was reading theosophy and talking about God and the beauty of soul of the Indians and Mexicans in a way that made the children awfully uncomfortable. Eveline read a great many books that summer and hated going out. She read Scott and Thackeray and W. J. Locke and Dumas and when she found an old copy of Trilby in the house she read it three times running. That started her seeing things in Du Maurier illustrations instead of in knights and ladies. When she wasnt reading she was lying flat on her back dreaming out long stories about herself and Sally Emerson. She didnt feel well most of the time and would drop into long successions of horrid thoughts about people's bodies that made her feel nauseated. Adelaide and Margaret who'd had it for a year told her what to do about her trouble every month but she didnt tell them how horrid it made her feel inside. She read the Bible and looked up uterus and words like that in encyclopedias and dictionaries; so that was the curse God had put on Eve, and what did Dad mean when he preached about the beautiful metaphors of Genesis and all his talk about the loveliness of the body as a temple for the soul? Then one night she decided she wouldnt stand it any more and went through the medicine chest in the bathroom till she found a bottle marked POISON that had some kind of laudanum compound in it. But she wanted to write a poem before she died she felt so lovely musically traurig about dying, but she couldnt seem to get the rhymes right and finally fell asleep with her head on the paper. When she woke up it was dawn and she

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was hunched up over the table by her window stiff and chilly in her thin nightgown. She slipped into bed shivering. Anyway she promised herself that she'd keep the bottle and kill herself whenever things seemed too filthy and horrid. That made her feel better.

That fall Margaret and Adelaide went to Vassar. Eveline would have liked to go east too but everybody said she was too young though she'd passed most of her college board exams. She stayed in Chicago and went to artclasses and lectures of one sort or another and did church-work. It was an unhappy winter. Sally Emerson seemed to have forgotten her. The young people around the church were so stuffy and conventional. Eveline got to hate the evenings at Drexel Boulevard, her father talking vague Emerson in his rich preacher's boom. What she liked best was the work she did at Hull House. Eric Egstrom gave drawingclasses there in the evenings and she used to see him sometimes smoking a cigarette in the back passage, leaning against the wall looking very Norse she thought in his grey smock full of bright fresh dabs of paint. She'd sometimes smoke a cigarette with him exchanging a few words about Manet or Claude Monet's innumerable haystacks, all the time feeling uneasy because the conversation wasn't more interesting and clever and afraid somebody would come and find her smoking. Thinking about it afterwards all sorts of things would come up she'd have liked to have said and Eric would invite her out to dinner in a quaint French cafe and they'd go to see museums and the old masters in the Louvre together and she'd be dressed like Sally Emerson and have an emerald ring; he'd go to the dogs for her (*ces petits pieds si adorés*) and be so respectful and sad and fight a duel with a count that stepped on her satin slipper and take to absinthe and die in a dive in Montmartre and she'd go nobly musically tragically in a stunning black lace dress, heavily veiled, the woman of mystery, to the funeral of the great artist in Père Lachaise. Reading Swinburne and Peter Ibbetson and *The Beloved Vagabond* made her go off into series after series of tragic and purpurous daydreams about herself and Eric that she kept unfolding for days in the back of her head. Miss Mathilda said it was bad for a girl to be so dreamy and wanted her to learn to sew.

When her sisters came back from college they were full of excitement about comingout parties. But Adelaide didnt believe in God anymore and began to talk about poor dear Dad's religion. The three girls smoked cigarettes together out of the window of the top floor livingroom and talked about the meaning of life. Adelaide and Margaret had begun to take more interest in Eveline now that she said she was a pantheist

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but they could never get her to explain what she meant. They decided that being beautiful and stylish was important anyway and that they must get Dad to let them redecorate the house that was just too middleclass and dowdy for anything.

Going around with Eleanor made her feel that something was happening to her at last. Eleanor telling her things in her thin pale mysterious way made her feel that there was refinement and romance even in great square bleak raw Chicago. And when they got to know Maurice Millet the young French painter who took a studio with Eric it was just like things Du Maurier used to write about. So much so that Eveline was really disappointed when the time came to leave for the year's trip abroad that Dr Hutchins had been planning for his family for so many years. But New York and getting on the Baltic and making out the tags for their twentythree pieces of baggage and the funny smell of the staterooms made her forget all about that. They had a rough trip and the boat rolled a good deal, but they sat at the captain's table and the captain was a jovial Englishman and kept their spirits up so that they hardly missed a meal. They landed in Liverpool with twenty-three pieces of baggage but lost the shawlstrap that had the medicinechest in it on the way down to London and had to spend their first morning getting it from the Lost and Found office at St. Pancras. In London it was very foggy. George and Eveline went to see the Elgin marbles and the Tower of London and ate their lunches in A B C restaurants and had a fine time riding in the tube, but Adelaide and Margaret wouldnt do anything but run around shopping and taking tea at the Criterion and the Savoy while Dad was always lunching in some club with some old Englishman or other. Mrs Hutchins got a bad cold and stayed in bed reading the novels of Algernon Blackwood. George and Eveline couldnt wait till they got to the continent. Dr. Hutchins only let them stay ten days and most of that time they were making side trips to see cathedrals. Notre Dame and Rheims and Beauvais and Chartres with their bright glass and their smell of incense in cold stone and the tall grey long faced statues nearly made Eveline a catholic, but George didnt like them because they werent classic. He insisted on dragging Eveline to see all the Roman ruins; and the night before they left for Italy where they'd been lent a villa near Fiesole for the winter by some rich old lady parishioners of Dad's, he made a big fuss about not having seen the ruins of Cluny baths, although it was nearly dark and Mrs Hutchins who'd gone to bed with her cold again, (all those chilly churches had made it worse), said she didnt like the idea of children like them being out in Paris after dark. They said they'd

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be right back, it would be only a step, and went on out. They were excited and a little scared; it was the first time they'd been out in Paris alone. The broad streets were full of people in the twilight, and cheery with the honk of horns and the ring of cabhorses hoofs on the clean asphalt. The cafes were lighted up and full of men with whiskers and beards sitting in their overcoats and gloves and whitefaced women in featherboas and the greenish lights slanted through different colored drinks at little round marbl topped tables. In some places there was music. "Oh I like this" said Eveline "Lets go to a cafe." George wouldnt go anywhere till they'd seen the Roman baths. They asked several gendarmes where the Cluny Baths were but all that they could get out of them was that the museum was closed. One man sent them around several blocks of dark stone streets that made Eveline feel scary and brought them out at a modern public bath house. They laughed and turned back towards the main street. At last they found the Cluny Museum and stood looking down from the street into the broken brick vaults. It was already dark and Eveline didnt think much of it.

Then they went timidly into a big cafe on the corner opposite full of cigarettesmoke and loud talking and each had a glass of port wine. George got to talking and talking about how Julian the Apostate had been notified of his succession to the empire in that very building they'd just seen, and Eveline sat there sipping the sweet port and wishing Maurice Millet was sitting there instead of George. She hadnt thought of her beautiful hopeless love for Maurice for several days. She wished she was sitting there alone so that she could let the tears run down her face into the glass of port so that such an interesting young man who would turn out to be a poet would come up to the table and say pardon mademoiselle why are you crying. George's thin face with the steel glasses a little crooked and the way his tie had slipped letting the collar button show began to irritate her horribly. An ugly old woman in a crepe bonnet tried to sell them some flowers and Eveline suddenly turned on George and said why had he made her come in here it was no place for him to bring his sister and that they'd be late for dinner at the hotel and that dad and mother would be worried. They paid and she dashed out, George trailing dejectedly after saying in a whining voice, "But sis it was your idea."

They had first class compartments reserved all the way to Florence and a hamper with cold chicken in it and many bottles of Saint Galmier mineral water and they made tea on a little alcohol lamp. They really had a very good time in spite of having to sit up all night, but all the way

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Eveline had the feeling that being with the family kept anything from being an adventure or really interesting.

That winter it rained a lot and the villa was chilly and the girls squabbled among themselves a good deal and Florence seemed to be full of nothing but old English ladies; still Eveline drew from life and read Gordon Craig. She didnt know any young men and she hated the young Italians with names out of Dante that hung around Adelaide and Margaret under the delusion that they were rich heiresses. On the whole she was glad to go home with mother a little earlier than the others who were going to take a trip to Greece. They sailed from Antwerp on the Kroonland. Eveline thought it was the happiest moment of her life when she felt the deck tremble under her feet as the steamer left the dock and the long rumble of the whistle in her ears.

Her mother didnt go down to the diningsaloon the first night out so that Eveline was a little embarrassed going in to table all alone and had sat down and started eating her soup before she noticed that the young man opposite her was an American and goodlooking. He had blue eyes and crisp untidy tow hair. It was too wonderful to be true when he turned out to be from Chicago. His name was Dirk McArthur. He'd been studying a year at Munich, but said he was getting out before they threw him out. He and Eveline got to be friends right away; they owned the boat after that. It was a balmy crossing for April. They played shuffleboard and decktennis and spent a lot of time in the bow watching the sleek Atlantic waves curl and break under the lunge of the ship. One moonlight night when the moon was plunging westward through scudding spindrift the way the Kroonland was plunging through the uneasy swell, they climbed up to the crows nest. This was an adventure; Eveline didn't want to show she was scared. There was no watch and they were alone a little giddy in the snug canvas socket that smelt a little of sailors' pipes. When Dirk put his arm around her shoulders Eveline's head began to reel. She oughtnt to let him. "Gee you're a good sport, Eveline," he said in a breathless voice. "I never knew a nice girl who was a good sport before." Without quite meaning to she turned her face towards his. Their cheeks touched and his mouth slid around and kissed her hard on her mouth. She pushed him away with a jerk.

"Hey you're not trying to throw me overboard, are you?" he said laughing. "Look Eveline wont you give me a little tiny kiss to show there's no hard feeling. There's just you and me tonight on the whole broad Atlantic."

She kissed him scaredly on the chin. "Say Eveline I like you so much. You're the swellest girl." She smiled at him and suddenly he was hugging her tight, his legs hard and strong against her legs, his hands spread over her back, his lips trying to open her lips. She got her mouth away from him. "No, no, please dont," she could hear her little creaky voice saying.

"All right I'm sorry . . . no more caveman stuff honest injun, Eveline. But you mustn't forget that you're the most attractive girl on the boat . . . I mean in the world. You know how a feller feels."

He started down first. Letting herself down through the opening in the bottom of the crow's nest she began to get dizzy. She was falling. His arms tightened around her.

"That's all right, girly, your foot slipped," he said gruffly in her ear. "I've got you."

Her head was swimming, she couldn't seem to make her arms and legs work; she could hear her little moaning voice. "Dont drop me Dirk, dont drop me."

When they finally got down the ladder to the deck Dirk leaned against the mast and let out a long breath. "Whee . . . You certainly gave me a scare young lady."

"I'm so sorry," she said. "It was silly of me to suddenly get girlish like that . . . I must have fainted for a minute."

"Gosh I oughn't to have taken you up there."

"I'm glad you did," Eveline said; then she found herself blushing and hurried off down the main deck to the first class entrance and the stateroom, where she had to make up a story to explain to mother how she'd torn her stocking.

She couldn't sleep that night but lay awake in her bunk listening to the distant rhythm of the engines and the creaking of the ship and the seethe of churned seas that came in through the open porthole. She could still feel the soft brush of his cheek and the sudden tightening muscles of his arms around her shoulder. She knew now she was terribly in love with Dirk and wished he'd propose to her. But next morning she was really flattered when Judge Ganch, a tall white-haired lawyer from Salt Lake City with a young red face and a breezy manner sat on the end of her deckchair and talked to her by the hour about his early life in the west and his unhappy marriage and politics and Teddy Roosevelt and the progressive party. She'd rather have been with Dirk, but it made her feel pretty and excited to see Dirk walk past with his nose out of joint while

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she listened to Judge Ganch's stories. She wished the trip would never end.

Back in Chicago she saw a lot of Dirk McArthur. Old man McArthur was president of a bank and on the board of directors of the Northern Pacific. Dirk lived with his mother at Lake Geneva but he had a big Pierce Arrow and was always over in Chicago. She was very much in love with him. He took her to ballgames and prizefights and German Beergardens and Italian spaghetti parlors and Hungarian wine-restaurants on the West side. He was a spender, and knew all the headwaiters by their first names; only it worried Eveline that he drank so much and that he never would talk about getting married. He always kissed her when he brought her home and he held her very tight when he danced with her and sometimes used to hold her hand and tell her what a nice girl she was, but he never tried to go any further. Sometimes Eveline wished he would; she loved him so much she didn't care what happened. When she met Sally Emerson at a dance she'd gone to with Dirk she had to admit that she wasn't doing any painting, and Sally Emerson looked so disappointed that Eveline felt quite ashamed and started talking fast about Gordon Craig and an exhibition of Matisse she'd seen in Paris. Sally Emerson was just leaving. A young man was waiting to dance with Eveline. Sally Emerson took her hand and said: "But Eveline, you mustn't forget that we have high hopes for you." And while she was dancing, everything that Sally Emerson stood for and how wonderful she used to think her came sweeping through Eveline's head, but driving home with Dirk all thought was dazzled out of her in the glare of his headlights, the strong leap forward of the car on the pickup, the purr of the motor, his arm around her, the great force pressing her against him when they went around curves.

It was a hot night, he drove west through endless identical suburbs out into the prairie. Eveline knew that they ought to go home, everybody was back from Europe now and they'd notice how late she got in, but she didn't say anything. It was only when he stopped the car that she noticed how drunk he was. He took out a flask and offered her a drink. She shook her head. They'd stopped in front of a white barn. In the reflection of the headlights his shirtfront and his face and his mussed up hair all looked chalky white. "You don't love me, Dirk," she said. "Sure I do, love you better'n anybody . . . except myself . . . That a trouble with me . . . love myself best." She rubbed her knuckles through his hair. "You're pretty silly, do you know it?" "Ouch," he said. It was starting to rain so he turned the car around and made for Chicago.

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Eveline never knew exactly where it was they smashed up, only that she was crawling out from under the seat and that her dress was ruined and she wasnt hurt only the rain was streaking the headlights of the cars that stopped along the road on either side of them. Dirk was sitting on the mudguard of the first car that had stopped. "Are you all right, Eveline?" he called shakily. "It's only my dress," she said. He was bleeding from a gash in his forehead and he was holding his arm against his body as if he were cold. Then it was all nightmare, telephoning Dad, getting Dirk to the hospital, dodging the reporters, calling up Mr McArthur to get him to set to work to keep it out of the morning papers. It was eight o'clock of a hot spring morning when she got home wearing a rain coat one of the nurses had lent her over her ruined eveningdress.

The family was all at breakfast. Nobody said anything. Then Dad got to his feet and came forward with his napkin in his hand. "My dear I shant speak of your behavior now, to say nothing of the pain and mortification you have caused all of us . . . I can only say it would have served you right if you had sustained serious injuries in such an escapade. Go up and rest if you can." Eveline went up stairs doublelocked her door and threw herself sobbing on the bed.

In spite of everything she went defiantly every day to the hospital to see Dirk, although his mother and sisters were barely civil to her when they met in the halls and Dirk himself didnt seem any too pleased to see her. He seemed to be having a good time kidding the nurses and swapping stories with the internes in spite of having his arm in a cast and three broken ribs strapped up. His room was full of flowers and he had a phonograph and somehow managed to keep a bottle of whisky under his pillow.

That summer Eveline wasnt on good terms with anybody. She'd almost quarreled with Eleanor. She rarely saw the Shusters or Eric and Maurice Millet. The one time she met Sally Emerson after the accident she said Eveline must forgive her if she talked like a dutch uncle, but that young McArthur was a nincompoop and a waster and that he had the worst possible kind of reputation and that no selfrespecting girl would go around with him and that Eveline ought to get all that nonsense out of her head and stick to her art if she ever expected to do anything worth while. She had called up Dad too and Eveline felt that she was meddling with things that she had no business to meddle with and told her so. That put Sally Emerson off her.

Eveline went to Sant Fe with her mother and sisters and it was hot and dusty there and she hated it. She couldnt stop thinking of Dirk. She

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wished so he'd marry her or she'd go away with him anyway. She began telling people she believed in free love and lay for hours on the bed in her room reading India's Love Lyrics by Laurence Hope and dreaming Dirk was there. She got so she could almost feel the insistent fingers of his hands spread over the small of her back and his mouth like that night in the crow's nest on the Kroonland. It was a kind of relief when she came down with scarlet fever and had to lie in bed for eight weeks in the isolation wing of the hospital. Everybody sent her flowers and she read a lot of books on design and interior decorating and did water-colors. She wrote Eleanor long letters and got back affectionate replies that made her feel that they were still friends after all.

When she went up to Chicago for Adelaide's wedding in October she had a pale mature look. Eleanor cried out when she kissed her, "My dear you've grown stunningly handsome." She had one thing on her mind, to see Dirk and get it over with. It was several days before they could arrange to meet because Dad had called him up and forbidden him to come to the house and they had had a scene over the telephone. They met in the lobby of the Drake. She could see at a glance that Dirk had been hitting it up since she'd seen him. He was a little drunk now. He had a sheepish boyish look that made her feel like crying: "Well how's Barney Oldfield?" she said laughing. "Rotten, Gee you look stunning Eveline . . . Say *The Follies of 1914* are in town, a big New York hit . . . I got tickets, do you mind if we go?" "No it'll be bully." He ordered everything most expensive he could find on the bill of fare, and champagne. She seemed to have something in her gullet that kept her from swallowing. She had to say it before he got too drunk. "Dirk . . . This doesn't sound very ladylike, but like this it's too tiresome . . . The way you acted last spring I thought you liked me . . . Well how much do you? I want to know."

Dirk put his glass down and turned red. Then he took a deep breath and said: "Eveline you know I'm not the marrying kind . . . Love 'em and leave 'em 's more like it. I can't help how I am." "I don't mean I want you to marry me," her voice rose shrilly out of control. She began to giggle. "I don't mean I want to be made an honest woman. Anyway there's no reason." She was fighting to control herself; under the table she was digging her nails into the palms of her hands. She was able to laugh more naturally. "Let's forget it . . . I won't tease you anymore." "You're a good sport Eveline. I always knew you were a good sport." Going down the aisle of the theatre he was so drunk she had to put her hand under his elbow to keep him from staggering. The music

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and cheap colors and jiggling bodies of the chorus girls all seemed to hit on some raw place inside her, so that every new impression hurt like sweet on a jumpy tooth. In the chorus number Dirk would keep saying "See that girl . . . second from the left on the back row, that's Queenie Frothingham, I've got her all dated up every night after the show for two weeks. We'll paint 'em all up . . . I'm her steady while she's in Chi but no longer thank gawd . . . You understand Eveline . . . But I'll tell you one thing I never made a girl take the first misstep . . . I haven't got that to reproach myself with." The usher came down and asked him to quit talking so loud, he was spoiling others' enjoyment of the show. He gave her a dollar and said he'd be quiet as a mouse, as a little dumb mouse and suddenly went to sleep.

At the end of the first act Eveline said she had to go home, said the doctor had told her she'd have to have plenty of sleep. He insisted on taking her to her door in a taxicab and then went off to go back to the show and to Queenie. Eveline lay awake all night staring at her window. Next morning she was the first one down to breakfast. When Dad came down she asked him to lend her a thousand dollars to start an interior decorating business. She was sure she'd make a go of it, especially if she could get Eleanor Stoddard to go into partnership with her, and it would be such fun. Sally Emerson would certainly help throw business their way. If she couldn't do that she was going down to Marshall Field's and get a job as a salesgirl. She'd convinced her Dad and Mother by the end of breakfast, rushed over to see Sally Emerson and make it up with her. She was most enthusiastic and said she might even put a little something in it herself. By five o'clock when she went by to get Eleanor at Marshall Field's she had even secured the refusal of a studio on Chicago Avenue. She felt happy and hungry and excited and was looking forward to the busy days that were ahead of her. She and Eleanor went over to the Auditorium Annex and talked it over on tea and toast. When she went to bed that night she felt she was really an independent being for the first time in her life. After this things would come out the way she wanted them.

II

The decorating business in Chicago didn't make as much money as Eveline had hoped, and Eleanor was rather trying on the whole; but they met such interesting people and went to parties and first nights and openings of art exhibitions, and Sally Emerson saw to it that they were very much in the vanguard of things in Chicago socially. Eleanor kept com-

plaining that the young men Eveline collected were all so poor and certainly more of a liability than an asset to the business. Eveline had great faith in their all making names for themselves, so that when Freddy Seargeant, who'd been such a nuisance and had had to be lent money various times, came through with an actual production of *Tess of the d'Ubervilles* in New York, Eveline felt so triumphant she almost fell in love with him. During the time of rehearsals they were too terribly busy to think of anything but matching materials and cajoling the Bridgeman Studios to put the colors they wanted on the scenery, and collecting props, but after the play failed she had time to think about what she'd do. For one thing she wasn't going back to Chicago. She had a little money and stayed on for a while at the Brevoort, trying to decide whether to go to work with Eleanor in the new decorating business she was starting or branch out for herself. Eleanor was very kind, but she made no secret of the fact that she was going to be the boss in the new concern. Eveline felt pretty aggrieved about that; after all it was she who had launched the whole thing and now she felt herself sliding gently into the position of Eleanor's assistant.

Freddy was very much in love with her and Eveline couldn't decide what to do about that either. He was a dear and she was very fond of him, but she couldn't imagine marrying him and this would be her first love affair and Freddy just didn't seem to carry her off her feet.

What she did like was sitting up late talking to him over Rhine wine and seltzer in the cafe downstairs that was full of such interesting people. She liked having him tell her about the unhappy time he'd had as a kid out in Emporia. He was the only child of a highschool English teacher whose husband had left her for the Spanish war and died of drink and fever out in the Philippines. He had been a delicate child, but he'd had to shovel snow and sell papers and shake down furnaces to help pay the rent and at school the other boys had teased him because he wasn't any good at sports. He'd played girl's part in highschool shows and written a play in the style of Synge about Kansas farm life and gotten quite a reputation for a bright student, so much so that a rich paperbox manufacturer, Mr Clark, had advanced the money to put him through Harvard. Halfway through college Mr Clark turned out queer and started making suggestions to Freddy that scared him to death so he had to drop Mr Clark and work the rest of his way through on his own. "I'll tell you the whole story sometime, Eveline," he'd say half giggling when Eveline tried to question him about it. "But it was a hideous thing to have happen. A boy ought to find out about life gradually . . . and my mother

thinks to this day Mr Clark dropped me because he found out I was raising hell with the women instead of attending to my studies, and that wasnt true either . . . But it almost broke her heart." Then he'd tell Eveline how much knowing her had meant to him, how she was such a beautiful thing in his life, and how drab and awful were all the people he had met in New York, where he'd worked in the chorus, in small parts in Shakespearian plays, in vaudeville, as property man and assistant stage manager and stage manager. And now, with her by his side, with her love a pillar of strength in his life, he knew he could do great things in the theatre.

And Eveline would sit there looking at him through the crinkling cigarettesmoke wondering whether she was going to have a love affair. He was a tall thin man of about thirty with some splashes of white in his thick black hair and a long pale face. He had a distinguished rather literary manner, used the broad "a" so that people often thought he was from Boston, one of the Back Bay Sargeants. He had been very sympathetic when she had told him about the great love that had made her so unhappy and was very chivalrous about not pressing his feelings on her. One night they got to making plans for themselves and the American Theatre. If they could get backing they'd start a repertory theatre and do real American plays that had a taste of the American soil and factory smoke in them, and startling presentations of the classics, something that would have the relation to New York that the Abbey theatre had to Dublin. He'd be the American Stanislavsky and she'd be the American Lady Gregory, and maybe the American Bakst too. The cafe closed and she told him to go around by the other staircase and go up to her room. She was excited by the idea of being alone with a young man in a hotel room and thought how shocked Eleanor would be if she knew about it. They smoked cigarettes and talked about the theatre a little distractedly, and at last Freddy put his arm around her waist and kissed her and asked if he could stay all night. She let him kiss her but she could only think of Dirk and told him please not this time, and he was very contrite and begged her with tears in his eyes to forgive him for sullyng a beautiful moment. She said she didnt mean that and to come back and have breakfast with her.

After he'd gone she half wished she'd made him stay. After all he was a man and young and she liked him. Her body tingled all over the way it used to when Dirk put his arms around her and she wanted terribly to know what making love was like. She took a cold bath and went to bed. When she woke up and saw Freddy again she'd decide whether she

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was in love with him. But the next morning she got a telegram calling her home. Dad was seriously ill with double pneumonia. Freddy put her on the train. She'd expected that the parting would carry her off her feet, but it didnt somehow.

Dr Hutchins got better and Eveline took him down to Santa Fe to recuperate. Her mother was sick most of the time too, and as Margaret and Adelaide were both married and George had gotten a job abroad with Hoover's Belgian Relief, it seemed to be up to her to take care of the old people. She spent a dreamy unhappy year in spite of the great skeleton landscape and horsebacktrips and the pictorial quality of the Mexicans and occasional Indians. Her life had turned back out of adventure and action into the miserable hemmed in feelings of her childhood. She went around the house, ordering meals, attending to housekeeping, irritated by the stupidity of servantgirls, half sick with burning want of clever famous friends to talk to, to have to tea, to give little dinners to, with want of love and wonderful things happening to her.

Of all the people she knew, painters and literary consumptives living in Santa Fe and Taos, there was only Jose O'Reilly that made her feel alive. He was a Spaniard in spite of his Irish name, a slender young man with a thin tobaccocolored face and dark green eyes, who had somehow gotten married to a stout Mexican woman who brought out a new squalling brown infant every nine months. He was a painter and lived by doing odd carpenter jobs and sometimes posing as a model. He was an anarchist, could never keep a cent in his pocket and would forget all about the shelf he was putting up when he got started telling about the death of Ferrer or arguing about Kropotkin. He believed in violence, the red terror and the essential goodness of all men except capitalists. Eveline got to talk to him one day when he was painting the garage doors and asked him to pose for her. He kept looking at the pastel she was doing of him and telling her it was wretched, until she broke down and cried. He apologized in his stiff English and said she must not be upset, that she had talent and that he'd teach her to draw himself. He took her down to his house, an untidy little shack in the Mexican part of town, where he introduced her to Lola, his wife, who looked at her with scared suspicious eyes, and showed her his paintings, big retablos painted on plaster that looked like Italian primitives. "You see I paint martires," he said, "but not Christian. I paint the martires of the working class under exploitation. Lola does not understand. She want me to paint rich ladies like you and make plenty money. Which you think is best?" Eveline flushed; she didnt like the idea of being classed with the capitalists. But the

pictures thrilled her and she said she would advertise them among her friends; she decided she'd discovered a genius.

Eveline tried to get her father to buy one of O'Reilly's paintings, but he said his financial condition did not warrant the luxury of buying artworks. Then she tried to get a friend of Dr Hutchins who had connections with the Cleveland Museum to buy one, but without result. O'Reilly was very grateful and wouldn't take any money for posing or criticising her paintings after that, instead he sometimes borrowed small sums from time to time as a friend. Even before he started making love to her, she'd decided that this time it must be a real affair. She'd go crazy if something didn't happen to her soon. The main difficulty was finding somewhere they could go. Her studio was right back of the house and there was the danger that her father and mother or friends coming to call might break in on them any time. Then too Santa Fe was a small place and people were already noticing how often he went to her studio.

One night when the Hutchins' chauffeur was away, they climbed up to his room above the garage. It was pitch black there and smelled of old pipes and soiled clothes. Eveline was terrified to feel she'd lost control of her own self; it was like going under ether. He was surprised to find she was a virgin and was very kind and gentle, almost apologetic. But she felt none of the ecstasy she had expected lying in his arms on the chauffeur's bed; it was almost as if it had all happened before. Afterwards they lay on the bed talking a long time in low intimate voices. His manner had changed; he treated her gravely and indulgently, like a child. He said he hated things to be secret and sordid like that, it was brutalizing to them both. He would find a place where they could meet in the open, in the sun and air, not like criminals this way. He wanted to draw her, the beautiful slenderness of her body would be the inspiration of his painting, and her lovely little round breasts. Then he looked her over carefully to see if her dress looked mussed and told her to run over to the house and go to bed; and to take precautions if she didn't want to have a baby, though he would be proud to have her bear a child of his, particularly as she was rich enough to support it. The idea horrified her and she felt it was coarse and unfeeling of him to talk about it lightly that way.

They met all that winter a couple of times a week in a little deserted cabin that lay off the trail in the basin of a small stony canon back of the town. She would ride over and he would walk by a different road. They called it their desert island. They were good friends, but Eveline was

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disappointed that nothing else seemed to happen to their relationship, she didnt seem to be getting to know him any better although the physical contact of his body meant more to her all the time. When she talked about her hopes and feelings he didnt seem to listen, all he seemed to want to do was to make her take off her clothes and draw her. When he did talk it was always about the social revolution and the new cooperative society of beauty and purity that would take the place of the crumbling capitalist order. The capitalist order didnt seem to Eveline to be crumbling, though she got tired of arguing about it. Actual stories of the oppression of indians and mexicans moved her much more, made her feel more full of bitter hatred than he was, and the thought of the bloody nightmare of the war continually going on in Europe made her feel that anything would be better than things as they were. He made her call him Pepe and never lost his curious indulgent teacher manner. When she thought about it she decided she loved him about as much as she loved her brother George and much in the same way. Lending him money gave her a little sense of power over him that she tried not to show.

Then one day Lola looked in his portfolios and found hundreds of drawings of the same naked girl; she came up to the Hutchins house shaking and screaming with the hair streaming down her face, looking for Eveline and crying that she was going to kill her. Dr Hutchins was thunderstruck; but, though she was terribly frightened inside, Eveline managed to keep cool and tell her father that she had let O'Reilly do drawings of her but that there'd been nothing else between them, and that his wife was a stupid ignorant Mexican and couldnt imagine a man and a woman being alone in a studio together without thinking something disgusting. Although he scolded her for being so imprudent Dad believed her and they managed to keep the whole thing from mother, but she only managed to see Pepe once more after that. He shrugged his shoulders and said what could he do, he couldnt abandon his wife and children to starve, poor as he was he had to live with them, and a man had to have a woman to work for him and cook, he couldnt live on romantic lifeclases, he had to eat, and Lola was a good woman but stupid and untidy and had made him promise not to see Eveline again. Eveline turned on her heel and left him before he was through talking. She was glad she had a horse she could jump on and ride away. She hated him, she felt contact with him had been degrading and filthy, no better than a greaser. She told her parents she'd have to go back east and get into the decorating business again for a while, Eleanor would give her a job, and Dad was just as willing to have her go to get away from the influence of this Spaniard.

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George was coming home for a vacation and would stay with them for a while. The night she left she lay awake in her berth tremendously happy at the roar of the air and the swift rhythm of the wheels on the rails. By the time she'd gotten in to New York she'd decided she was pregnant.

She was terribly frightened. The Grand Central Station seemed so immense, so full of blank menacing faces staring at her as she passed following the redcap who carried her bag. She was afraid she'd faint before she got to the taxicab. All the way down town the jolting of the cab and the jangling throb of the traffic in her ears made her head swim with nausea. At the Brevoort she had some coffee. Ruddy sunlight was coming in the tall windows, the place had a warm restaurant smell; she began to feel better. She went to the phone and called Eleanor. A french maid answered that Mademoiselle was still asleep, but that she would tell her who had called as soon as she woke up. Then she called Freddy who sounded very much excited and said he'd be there as soon as he could get over from Brooklyn. When she saw Freddy it was just as if she hadn't been away at all. He almost had a backer for the Maya ballet and he was mixed up in a new musical show he wanted Eveline to do costumes for. But he was very gloomy about the prospects of war with Germany, said he was a pacifist and would probably have to go to jail, unless there was a revolution. Eveline told him about her talks with Jose O'Rielly and what a great painter he was, and said she thought maybe she was an anarchist. Freddy looked worried and asked her if she was sure she hadn't fallen in love with him, and she blushed and smiled and said no, and Freddy said she was a hundred times better looking than last year.

They went together to see Eleanor whose house in the east thirties was very elegant and expensivelooking. Eleanor was sitting up in bed answering her mail. Her hair was carefully done and she had on a pink satin dressing gown with lace and ermine on it. They had coffee with her and hot rolls that the Martinique maid had baked herself. Eleanor was delighted to see Eveline and said how well she looked and was full of mysteries about her business and everything. She said she was on the edge of becoming a theatrical producer and spoke about 'My financial adviser' this and that, until Eveline didnt know what to think; still it was evident that things were going pretty well with her. Eveline wanted to ask her what she knew about birthcontrol, but she never got around to it, and perhaps it was just as well. When they got on the subject of the war they quarrelled at once. Eleanor was full of Belgian atrocity stories and saving civilization from the barbarism of the Huns. It didnt do any good for Eveline to say that her brother had been a year in Belgium

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without seeing anything much in the way of atrocities, except that the whole thing was an atroc . . . But Freddy got them back to talking about the relative merits of cycloramas and domes in the new theatre and they parted bosom friends again.

That afternoon Freddy took her to tea with him at the house of a middleaged lady who lived on West 8th Street and was an enthusiastic pacifist. The house was full of people arguing and young men and young women wagging their heads together in important whispers. There she got to talking with a haggardlooking brighteyed young man named Don Stevens. Freddy had to go off to a rehearsal and she stayed there talking to Don Stevens. Then all of a sudden they found that everybody had gone and that they were alone with the hostess, who was a stout puffy eager woman that Eveline decided was just too tiresome. She said Good-night and left. She had hardly gotten down the front steps to the street when Stevens was after her with his lanky stride dragging his overcoat behind him. "Where are you going to eat supper, Eveline Hutchins?" Eveline said she hadn't thought and before she knew it was eating with him in an Italian restaurant on 3rd Street. He ate a lot of spaghetti very fast and drank a lot of red wine and introduced her to the waiter, whose name was Giovanni. "He's a maximalist and so am I," he said. "This young woman seems to be a philosophic anarchist, but we'll get her over that."

Don Stevens came from South Dakota and had worked on small town papers ever since his highschool days. He'd also worked as a harvest hand back home and been in on several I.W.W. scraps. He showed Eveline his red card with considerable pride. He'd come to New York to work on *The Call*, but had just resigned because they were too damn lilylivered he said. He also wrote for the *Metropolitan Magazine* and *The Masses*, and spoke at antiwar meetings. He said that there wasn't a chinaman's chance that the U. S. would keep out of the war; the Germans were winning, the working class all over Europe was on the edge of revolt, the revolution in Russia was the beginning of the worldwide social revolution and the bankers knew it and Wilson knew it, the only question was whether the industrial workers in the east and the farmers and casual laborers in the middle west and west would stand for it. The entire press was bought and muzzled. The Morgans had to fight or go bankrupt. "It's the greatest conspiracy in history."

Giovanni and Eveline listened holding their breath, Giovanni occasionally looking nervously around the room to see if any of the customers at the other tables looked like detectives. "God damn it, Giovanni, let's

have another bottle of wine," Don would cry out in the middle of a long analysis of Kuhn Loeb and Company's foreign holdings. Then suddenly he'd turn to Eveline filling up her glass. "Where have you been all these years? I've so needed a lovely girl like you. Let's have a splendid time tonight, maybe the last good meal we ever get, we may be in jail or shot against a wall a month from now, isnt that so, Giovanni?"

Giovanni forgot to wait on his other tables and was bawled out by the proprietor. Eveline kept laughing. When Don asked her why, she said she didnt know except that he was so funny. "But it really is Armageddon, God damn it," he said. Then he shook his head. "What's the use; there never was a woman living who could understand political ideas." "Of course I can . . . I think it's terrible. I dont know what to do." "I dont know what to do," he said savagely. "I dont know whether to fight the war and go to jail, or to get a job as a war correspondent and see the goddam mess. If you could rely on anybody to back you up, it ud be another thing . . . O hell let's get out of here."

He charged the cheque, and asked Eveline to lend him half a dollar to leave for Giovanni, said he didnt have a cent in his jeans. She found herself drinking a last glass of wine with him in a chilly littered room up three flights of dirty wooden stairs in Patchin Place. He began to make love to her and when she objected that she'd just known him for seven hours he said that was another stupid bourgeois idea she ought to get rid of. She asked him about birthcontrol and sat down beside her and talked for half an hour about what a great woman Margaret Sanger was and how birthcontrol was the greatest single blessing to mankind since the invention of fire. When he started to make love to her again in a businesslike way she, laughing and blushing, let him take off her clothes. She felt desperate and excited; she had to have adventures; if she couldnt have a great love she had to have something. It was three o'clock when feeling weak and guilty and bedraggled she got back to her room at the Brevoort. It was all funny but it was so ugly and silly and dull. She took a huge dose of castor oil and went to bed. She lay awake till daylight wondering what she could say to Freddy. She'd had a date to meet him at eleven for a bite of supper after his rehearsal. But more than about Freddy who she didnt feel mattered very much anyway she was worrying about her life, the beautiful stylish life she had to have and crowded theatres full of fame and high Victorian rooms, and good cookery and patterns in painting and tall mirrors. Her fear of being pregnant had disappeared, like waking up from a nightmare.

That Spring was full of plans for shows and decorating houses with

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Eleanor and Freddy, but nothing came of them, and after a while Eveline couldnt keep her mind on New York, what with war declared, and the streets filling with flags and uniforms, and everybody going patriotic crazy around her and seeing spies and pacifists under every bed. Eleanor was getting herself a job in the Red Cross, Don Stevens had gotten a job with the Friends' Relief and was drunk all the time preparatory to sailing, Freddy announced a new decision every day, but finally said he wouldnt decide what to do till he was called for the draft. Adelaide's husband had a job in Washington in the new Shipping Board. Dad was writing her every few days that Wilson was the greatest president since Lincoln and that civilization had to be saved no matter at what cost of men and money. Some days she felt that it was she that must be losing her mind, people around her seemed so cracked. But gradually she was deciding that what she wanted to do was go overseas with the rest of them. Business as usual be damned. When she began talking about it to Eleanor, Eleanor smiled in a superior way and said she'd already asked to have her as assistant in her office in Paris.

"Your office in Paris, darling?" It turned out that through Eleanor's mysterious financial adviser she had been put in charge of some kind of bureau connected with the Red Cross in Paris. "I dont care what kind of work it is, I'll do it gladly," said Eveline. Eleanor sailed one Saturday on the Rochambeau, and two weeks later Eveline herself sailed on the Touraine.

It was a hazy summer evening. She'd been almost rude cutting short the goodbyes of Margaret and Adelaide and Margaret's husband Bill who was a Major by this time and teaching sharpshooting out on Long Island, who had come to see her off, she was so anxious to cut loose from this America she felt was just too tiresome. The boat was two hours late in sailing. The band kept playing Tipperary and Aupres de ma Blonde and La Madelon. There were a great many young men around in various uniforms, all rather drunk. The little French sailors with their red pompoms and babyfaces yelled back and forth in rolling twangy bordelais. Eveline walked up and down the deck until her feet were tired. It seemed as if the boat would never sail. And Freddy who had turned up late kept waving to her from the dock and she was afraid Don Stevens would come and she was sick of all her life in the last years. Now she was starting out fresh, maybe a submarine would get them and that would be the end. Probably things over there would be very terrible and horrible; but she felt she could stand anything better than the senseless ugly life she'd been living. At least she'd be in France. She hated

goodbyes. At last she vent down to her cabin and started reading Barbusse's *Le Feu* that Don had sent her. She fell asleep, and when the grey haired skinny woman who was her cabinmate woke her up bustling around, the first thing she felt was the trembling pound of the ship's engines. "Well, you missed dinner," said the greyhaired woman.

Her name was Miss Eliza Felton and she was an illustrator of children's books. She was going to France to drive a truck. At first Eveline thought she was just too tiresome, but as the warm quiet days of the crossing wore on she got to like her. Miss Felton had a great crush on Eveline and was a nuisance, but she was fond of wine and knew a great deal about France, where she'd lived for many years. In fact she'd studied painting at Fontainebleau in the old days of the impressionists. She was bitter against the Huns on account of Rheims and Louvain and the poor little Belgian babies with their hands cut off, but she didnt have much use for any male government, called Wilson a coward, Clemenceau a bully and Lloyd George a sneak. She laughed at the precautions against submarine attack and said she knew the French line was perfectly safe because all the German spies travelled by it. When they landed in Bordeaux she was a great help to Eveline.

They stayed over a day to see the town instead of going up to Paris with all the other Red Cross people and Relief workers. The rows of grey eighteenthcentury houses were too lovely in the endless rosy summer twilight, and the flowers for sale and the polite people in the shops and the delicate patterns of the ironwork, the names of the streets, the red garronne and the fine dinner they had at the Chapon Fin.

The only trouble with going around with Eliza Felton was that she kept all the men away. They went up to Paris on the day train next day and Eveline could hardly keep from tears at the beauty of the country and the houses and the vines and the tall ranks of poplars and the stirring names: Gascony, Poitou, Anjou, Touraine. There were little soldiers in pale blue at every station and the elderly and deferential conductor looked like a collegeprofessor. When the train finally slid smoothly through the tunnel and into the Orleans station her throat was so tight she could hardly speak. It was as if she'd never been to Paris before.

"Now where are you going dear? You see we have to carry our own traps," said Eliza Felton in a businesslike way. "Well I suppose I should go to the Red Cross and report." "Too late for tonight, I can tell you that." "Well I might try to call up Eleanor." "Might as well try to wake the dead as try to use the Paris telephone in wartime . . . What you'd better do, dear, is come with me to a little hotel I know on

the Quai and sign up with the Red Cross in the morning; that's what I'm going to do." "I'd hate to get sent back home." "They wont know you're here for weeks . . . I know those dumbbells."

So Eveline waited with their traps while Eliza Felton fetched a little truck. They piled the bags on it and rolled them out of the station and through the empty streets in the last faint mauve of twilight to the hotel. There were very few lights and they were blue and hooded with tin hats so that they couldnt be seen from above. The Seine, the old bridges, and the long bulk of the Louvre opposite looked faint and unreal; it was like walking through a Whistler. "We must hurry and get something to eat before everything closes up . . . I'll take you to Adrienne's," said Miss Felton.

They left their bags to be taken up to their rooms at the Hotel du Quai Voltaire and walked fast through a lot of narrow crisscross fast-darkening streets. They ducked into the door of the little restaurant just as someone was starting to pull the heavy iron shutter down. "Tiens c'est mademoiselle Elise," cried a woman's voice from the back of the heavily upholstered little room. A short Frenchwoman with a very large head and very large popeyes ran forward and hugged Miss Felton and kissed her a number of times. "This is Miss Hutchins," said Miss Felton in her dry voice. "Verry plised . . . She is so prretty . . . Beautiful eyes, hein?" It made Eveline uncomfortable the way the woman looked at her, the way her big powdered face was set like an egg in a cup in the frilly highnecked blouse. She brought out some soup and cold veal and bread, with many apologies on account of not having butter or sugar, complaining in a singsong voice about how severe the police were and how the profiteers were hoarding food and how bad the military situation was. Then she suddenly stopped talking; all their eyes lit at the same moment on the sign on the wall:

MEFIEZ VOUS LES OREILLES ENNEMIS
VOUS ECOUTENT . . .

"Enfin c'est la guerre," Adrienne said. She was sitting beside Miss Felton patting Miss Felton's thin hand with her pudgy hand all covered with paste rings. She had made them coffee. They were drinking little glasses of Cointreau. She leaned over and patted Eveline on the neck. "Faut pas s'en faire, hein?" Then she threw back her head and let out a shrill bysterical laugh that made Eveline uncomfortable. She kept pouring out more little glasses of Cointreau and Miss Felton seemed to be getting a little tipsy. Adrienne kept patting her hand. Eveline felt her own head swimming in the stuffy dark closed-up little

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room. She got to her feet and said she was going back to the hotel, that she had a headache and was sleepy. They tried to coax her to stay but she ducked out under the shutter.

Half the street outside was lit up by moonlight, the other half was in pitch black shadow. All at once Eveline remembered that she didnt know the way back to the hotel, still she couldnt go into that restaurant again and that woman gave her the horrors so she walked along fast, keeping in the moonlight, scared of the silence and the few shadowy people and the old gaunt houses with their wide inky doorways. She came out on a boulevard at last where there were men and women strolling, voices and an occasional automobile with blue lights running silently over the asphalt. Suddenly the nightmare scream of a siren started up in the distance, then another and another. Somewhere lost in the sky was a faint humming like a bee, louder then fainter then louder again. Eveline looked at the people around her. Nobody seemed alarmed or to hurry their strolling pace.

"Les avions . . . Les boches . . ." she heard people saying in unstartled tones. She found herself standing at the curb staring up into the milky sky that was fast becoming rayed with searchlights. Next to her was a fatherlylooking French officer with all kinds of lace on his kepi and drooping moustaches. The sky overhead began to sparkle like with mica: it was beautiful and far away like fireworks seen across the lake on the Fourth. Involuntarily she said aloud, "What's that?" "C'est le shrapnel, mademoiselle. It is our ahnti-aircrahft cannons," he said carefully in English and then gave her his arm and offered to take her home. She noticed that he smelt rather strongly of cognac but he was very nice and paternal in his manner and made funny gestures of things coming down on their heads and said they must get under cover. She said please to go to the hotel du quai Voltaire as she'd lost her way.

"Ah charmant charmant," said the elderly French officer. While they had stood there talking everybody else on the street had melted out of sight. Guns were barking in every direction now. They were going down through the narrow streets again, keeping close to the wall. Once he pulled her suddenly into a doorway and something landed whang on the pavement opposite. "It is the fragments of shrapnel, not good," he said tapping himself on top of the kepi. He laughed and Eveline laughed and they got along famously. They had come out on the riverbank. It seemed safe for some reason under thickfoliated trees.

From the door of the hotel he suddenly pointed into the sky. "Look c'est les fokkers, ils s'en fichent de nous." As he spoke they wheeled

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so that their wings caught the moonlight. For a second they were like seven tiny silver dragonflies then they'd vanished. At the same moment came the rending snort of a bomb from somewhere across the river. "Permettez, mademoiselle." They went into the pitchblack hall of the hotel and felt their way down into the cellar. As he handed Eveline down the last step of the dusty wooden stairs the officer gravely saluted the mixed group of people in bathrobes or overcoats over their nightclothes who were grouped around a couple of candles. There was a waiter there and the officer tried to order a drink, but the waiter said "Ah mon colonel s'est defendu," and the colonel made a wry face. Eveline sat up on a sort of table. She was so excited looking at the people and listening to the distant snort of the bombs that she hardly noticed that the colonel was squeezing her knee a little more than was necessary. She wasn't scared; all she felt was that it was a magnificent show being put on especially for her, and the hotel guests looked so funny all huddled there among the two flickering candles. Dimly she realized that the colonel's hands were becoming a problem. When the airraid was over something went by on the street making a funny seesaw noise between the quacking of a duck and a burro's bray. It struck Eveline so funny she laughed and laughed so that the colonel didn't seem to know what to make of her. When she tried to say goodnight to him to go up to her room and get some sleep, he wanted to go up too. She didn't know what to do. He'd been so nice and polite she didn't want to be rude to him, but she couldn't seem to make him understand that she wanted to go to bed and to sleep; he'd answer that so did he. When she tried to explain that she had a friend with her, he asked if the friend was as charming as mademoiselle in that case he'd be delighted. Eveline's French broke down entirely. She wished to heavens Miss Felton would turn up, she couldn't make the concierge understand that she wanted the key to her room and that mon colonel wasn't coming up and was ready to break down and cry when a young American in civilian clothes with a red face and a turned-up nose appeared from somewhere out of the shadows and said with flourish in very bad French, "Monsieur, moi frere de madmosel, cant you see that the little girl is fatiguée and wants to say bonsoir?" He linked his arm in the colonel's and said, "Vive la France come up to my room and have a drink." The colonel drew himself up and looked very angry. Without waiting to see what happened Eveline made the concierge show her to her room, rushed in and doublelocked the door.

III

Eveline went to live with Eleanor in a fine apartment Eleanor had

gotten hold of somehow on the Quai de la Tournelle. It was the mansard floor of a grey peelingfaced house built at the time of Richelieu and done over under Louis Quinze. Eveline never tired of looking out the window through the delicate tracing of the wroughtiron balcony at the Seine where toy steamboats bucked the current towing shiny varnished barges, that had lace curtains and geraniums in the windows of their deckhouses painted green and red, and at the island opposite where the rocketting curves of the flying buttresses shoved the apse of Notre Dame dizzily upwards out of the trees of a little park. They had tea at a small Buhl table in the window almost every evening when they got home from the office on the Rue de Rivoli after spending the day pasting pictures of ruined French farms and orphaned children and starving warbabies into scrapbooks to be sent home for use in Red Cross drives. Things were certainly not the way Eveline had expected them; the war seemed as far away as it had in New York and even less real, even the curious hollow snapping sound from an occasional shell from big Bertha that landed near enough to hear, and the rumpus and fireworks and excitement of airraids moonlight nights were stagy and unreal. The only thing real in the war for Eveline was their maid Yvonne, a middleaged woman in widow's weeds who was a superb cook. Yvonne had lost her husband and two sons and had cast off her daughter on account of her immoral life; all she seemed to live for was to circumvent the food regulations. It gave her bitter fanatical satisfaction to get brioches or meat on meatless days, and illegal supplies of butter and sugar. With the groceries and sugar they drew at the Red Cross commissary, Yvonne operated a system of barter so that their food hardly cost them anything. At first Eveline tried to stop her but she'd answer with a torrent of argument: did Mademoiselle think that President Poincare or the generals or the cabinet ministers, ces salots de profiteurs, ces salots d'embusques, went without their brioches? It was the systeme D, ils s'en fichent des particuliers, des pauvres gens . . . very well her ladies would eat as well as any old camels of generals, if she had her way she'd have all the generals lined up before a firingsquad and the embusque ministers and bureaucrats too. Eleanor said her sufferings had made the old woman a little cracked but Jerry Burnham said it was the rest of the world that was cracked.

Jerry Burnham was the little redfaced man who'd been such a help with the colonel the first night Eveline got to Paris. They often laughed about it afterwards. He was working for the U. P. and appeared every few days in her office on his rounds covering Red Cross activities. He knew all the Paris restaurants and would take Eveline out to dinner at

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the Tour d'Argent or to lunch at the Taverne Nicholas Flornel and they'd walk around the old streets of the Marais afternoons and get late to their work together. When they'd settle at a good quiet table in a cafe where they couldn't be overheard (all the waiters were spies he said), he'd drink a lot of cognac and soda afterwards and pour out his feelings, how his work disgusted him, how a correspondent couldn't get to see anything any more, how he had three or four censorship on his neck all the time and had to send out prepared stuff that was all a pack of dirty lies every word of it, how a man lost his self-respect doing things like that year after year, how a newspaperman had been little better than a skunk before the war, but that now there wasn't anything low enough you could call him. Eveline would try to cheer him up telling him that when the war was over he ought to write a book like *Le Feu* and really tell the truth about it. "But the war won't ever be over . . . too damn profitable, do you get me? Back home they're coining money, the British are coining money; even the French, look at Bordeaux and Toulouse and Marseilles coining money and the goddam politicians all of 'em got bank accounts in Amsterdam or Barcelona, the sons of bitches." Then he'd take her hand and get a crying jag and promise that if it did end he'd get back his self-respect and write the great novel he felt he had in him. The first time she heard the story she was terribly thrilled, and felt she might be an influence in his life and encourage him to do great things, but after a few times she noticed he always got that way when he drank and would say she wanted a little air and suggest a walk. He was fun to go around with and it thrilled her to hear the inside of things that happened, but she felt he was a pathetic little man and so silly when he got drunk and tried to make love to her. Eleanor couldn't abide him.

Late that fall Eveline came home one evening tramping through the mud and the foggy dusk to find that Eleanor had a French soldier to tea. She was glad to see him, because she was always complaining that she wasn't getting to know any French people, nothing but professional relievers and Red Cross women who were just too tiresome; but it was some moments before she realized it was Maurice Millet. She wondered how she could have fallen for him even when she was a kid, he looked so middle-aged and pasty and oldmaidish in his stained blue uniform. His large eyes with their girlish long lashes had heavy violet rings under them. Eleanor evidently thought he was wonderful still, and drank up his talk about *l'elan supreme du sacrifice* and *l'harmonie mysterieuse de la mort*. He was a stretcher-bearer in a base-hospital at Nancy, had become very religious and had almost forgotten his English. When they asked him

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about his painting, he shrugged his shoulders and wouldn't answer. At supper he ate very little and drank only water. He stayed till late in the evening telling them about miraculous conversions of unbelievers, extreme unction on the firing line, a vision of the young Christ he'd seen walking among the wounded in a dressingstation during a gasattack. *Après la guerre* he was going into a monastery, Trappist, perhaps. After he left Eleanor said it had been the most inspiring evening she'd ever had in her life; Eveline didn't argue with her.

Maurice came back one other afternoon before his *perme* expired bringing a young writer who was working at the *Quai d'Orsay*, a tall young Frenchman with pink cheeks who looked like an English publicschool boy whose name was Raoul Lefevre. He seemed to prefer to speak English than French. He'd been at the front for two years in the *Chasseurs Alpins* and had been *reforme* on account of his lungs or his uncle who was a minister he couldn't say which. It was all very boring, he said. He thought tennis was ripping, though, and went out to *St Cloud* to row every afternoon. Eleanor discovered that what she'd been wanting all fall had been a game of tennis. He said he liked English and American women because they liked sport. Here every woman thought you wanted to go to bed with her right away; "Love is very boring," he said. He and Eveline stood in the window and looked out at the last purple shreds of dusk settling over *Notre Dame* and the *Seine*, while Eleanor and Maurice sat in the dark in the little salon talking about *St Francis of Assisi*.

They laughed a great deal and agreed that the Little Flowers were very boring. He said he'd give anything for a cocktail, he adored American drinks. She said that if he'd come around to dinner the next evening she'd give him cocktails, though she preferred wine herself. Maurice had to go, as he had to go back to Nancy on the night train. Eleanor said she'd burn a candle for his safety and looked very pale and upset when they left.

The next morning Eleanor said she thought she was going to become a catholic. On their way to the office she made Eveline step into *Notre Dame* with her to hear mass and they both lit candles to what Eveline thought was a just too tiresomelooking virgin near the main door. But it was impressive all the same, the priests moaning and the lights and the smell of chilled incense. She certainly hoped poor Maurice wouldn't be killed.

For dinner that night Eveline invited Jerry Burnham and told him he must bring materials for cocktails, also Miss Felton who was back

from Amiens and Major Appleton who was in Paris doing something about tanks. It was a fine dinner, duck roasted with oranges, although Jerry, who was sore about how much Eveline talked to Lefevre had to get drunk and use a lot of bad language, and told about the retreat at Caporetto and say that the Allies were in a bad way. Major Appleton said he oughtnt to say it even if it was true and got quite red in the face. Eleanor was pretty indignant, and said he ought to be arrested for making such statements, and after everybody had left she and Eveline had quite a quarrel. "What will that young Frenchman be thinking of us? You're a darling, Eveline, dear, but you have the vulgarest friends. I dont know where you pick them up, and that Felton woman drank four cocktails, a quart of beaujolais and three cognacs, I kept tabs on her myself." Eveline started to laugh and they both got to laughing. But Eleanor said that their life was getting much too Bohemian and that it wasnt right with the war on and things going so dreadfully in Italy and Russia and the poor boys in the trenches and all that.

That winter Paris gradually filled up with Americans in uniform and staffcars and groceries and those who had been there first were pretty scornful of the later comers. At the Red Cross headquarters there was shakeup after shakeup, but both Eleanor and Eveline managed to keep their jobs and their comfortable office and their filingcabinets full of photographs. Then Major Moorehouse, who it turned out was an old friend of Eleanor's, arrived straight from Washington to take charge of the Red Cross publicity. Everybody was talking about him before he came because he'd been one of the best known publicity experts in New York before the war. There was no one who hadnt heard of J. Ward Moorehouse. Eleanor was very mysterious and offhand about him so that Eveline was curious and wondered if he might be the mysterious financial adviser that Eleanor used to talk about in New York that winter. There was a lot of scurry around the office when word came around that he'd actually landed in Brest and everybody was nervous worrying where the axe was going to fall.

The morning he arrived the first thing Eveline noticed was that Eleanor had had her hair curled. Then just before noon the whole publicity department was asked into Major Edgewood's office to meet Major Moorehouse. He was a biggish man with blue eyes and hair so light it was almost white. His uniform fitted well and his SamBrown belt and his puttees shone like glass. Eveline thought at once that there was something sincere and appealing about him, like about her father, that she liked. He looked young too, in spite of the thick jowl, and he had

a slight southern accent when he talked. He made a little speech about the importance of the work the Red Cross was doing to keep up the morale of civilians and combatants, and that their publicity ought to have two aims, to stimulate giving among the folks back home and to keep people informed of the progress of the work. The trouble now was that people didnt know enough about what a valuable effort the Red Cross workers were making and were too prone to listen to the criticisms of proGermans working under the mask of pacifism, and knockers and slackers always ready to carp and criticise; and that the American people and the warwrecked populations of the Allied countries must be made to know the splendid sacrifice the Red Cross workers were making, as splendid in its way as the sacrifice of the dear boys in the trenches.

"Even at this moment, my friends, we are under fire, ready to make the supreme sacrifice that civilization shall not perish from the earth," Major Edgewood leaned back in his swivelchair and it let out a squeak that made everybody look up with a start and several people looked out of the window as if they expected to see a shell from big Bertha hurtling right in on them. "You see," said Major Moorehouse, "that is what we must make people feel . . . the catch in the throat, the wrench to steady the nerves, the determination to carry on."

Even Eveline felt stirred in spite of herself. She took a quick sideways look at Eleanor, who looked cool and lilylike as she had when she was listening to Maurice tell about the young Christ of the gas attack. "Can't ever tell what she's thinking," thought Eveline to herself.

That afternoon when J.W., as Eleanor called Major Moorehouse, came down to have a cup of tea with them, Eveline felt that she was being narrowly watched and minded her P's and Q's as well as she could;—it is the financial adviser; she was giggling about it inside. He looked a little haggard and didnt say much, and winced noticeably when they talked about airraids moonlight nights, and how President Poincare went around in person every morning to visit the ruins and condole with the survivors. He didnt stay long and went off in a staffcar to someplace where he was going to confer with some high official or other. Eveline thought he looked nervous and uneasy and would rather have stayed with them. Eleanor went out on the landing of the stairs with him and was gone some time; Eveline watched her narrowly when she came back into the room but her face had its accustomed look of finely chiselled calm. It was on the tip of Eveline's tongue to ask her if Major Moorehouse was her . . . her . . . but she couldnt think of a way of putting it.

Eleanor didnt say anything for some time; then she shook her head

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and said "Poor Gertrude." "Who's that?" Eleanor's voice was just a shade tinny. "J. W.'s wife . . . She's in a sanitarium with a nervous breakdown . . . the strain, darling, this terrible war."

Major Moorehouse went down to Italy to reorganize the publicity of the American Red Cross there, and a couple of weeks later Eleanor got orders from Washington to join the Rome office. That left Eveline alone with Yvonne in the apartment.

It was a chilly lonely winter and working with all these relievers was just too tiresome, but Eveline managed to hold her job and to have some fun sometimes in the evening with Raoul, who would come around and take her out to some petite boite or other that he'd always say was very boring. He took her to the Noctambules where they were always singing "Suis, suis dans l'axe, suis dans l'axe du canon" and where you could sometimes get drinks after the legal hour; or up to a little restaurant on the Butte of Montmartre where one cold moonlit January night they stood on the porch of the Sacre Coeur and saw the Zeppelin come over. Paris stretched out cold and dead as if all the tiers of roofs and domes were carved out of snow and the shrapnel sparkled like frost overhead and the searchlights were the antennae of great insects moving through the milky darkness. At intervals came the great red snorting flares of the incendiary bombs.

Eveline found that Lefevre's arm that had been around her waist had slipped up and that he had his hand over her breast. "C'est fou tu sais . . . c'est fou tu sais," he was saying in a singsong voice, he seemed to have forgotten his English. After that they talked French and Eveline thought she loved him terribly much. After the breloque had gone through the streets they walked across dark silent Paris. At one corner a gendarme came up and asked Lefevre for his papers. He read them through painfully in the faint blue glow of a corner light, while Eveline stood by breathless, feeling her heart pound. "I feel like a streetwalker that's getting arrested," she was thinking. The gendarme handed back the papers, saluted, apologized profusely and walked off. Neither of them said anything about it, but Lefevre seemed to be taking it for granted he was going to sleep with her at her apartment. They walked home briskly through the cold black streets, their footsteps clacking sharply on the cobbles. She hung on his arm; there was something tight and electric and uncomfortable in the way their thighs ground against each other as they walked.

Her house was one of the few in Paris that didnt have a concierge. She unlocked the door and they climbed shivering together up the cold

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stone stairs. She whispered to him to be quiet, because of her maid. "It is very boring," he said in her ear so that his lips touched her ear. "I hope you wont thing it's too boring."

When he was brushing his hair at her dressingtable, taking little connoisseur's sniffs at her bottles of perfume, preening himself in the mirror without haste and embarrassment, he said "Charmente Eveline, would you like to be my wife? It could be arranged, dont you know. My uncle who is the head of the family is very fond of Americans. Of course it would be very boring, the contract and all that." "Oh no that wouldnt be my idea at all," she whispered, giggling and shivering, from the bed. Lefevre gave her a furious offended look, said good night very formally and left.

When the trees began to bud outside her window and the flower-women in the markets began to sell narcissus and daffodils, the feeling that it was spring made her long months alone in Paris seem drearier than ever. She wrote often to Eleanor and to her sisters, but the feeling that censors were reading everything she wrote took all the heart out of letterwriting. Jerry Burnham had gone to Palestine, Raoul Lefevre had never come to see her again, whenever he was in town Major Appleton came around and paid her rather elaborate attentions, but he was just too tiresome, Eliza Felton was driving an ambulance attached to a U. S. base hospital on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and would come around those Sundays when she was off duty and make Eveline's life miserable with her complaints that Eveline was not the free pagan soul she'd thought at first. She said that nobody loved her and that she was praying for the Bertha with her number on it that would end it all. It got so bad that Eveline wasnt able to stay in the house at all on Sundays and often spent the afternoon in her office reading Anatole France.

Then Yvonne's crotchets were pretty trying; she tried to run Eveline's life with her tightlipped sly comments. When Don Stevens turned up for a leave, looking more haggard than ever in the grey uniform of the Quaker outfit, it was a godsend, and Eveline decided maybe she'd been in love with him after all. She told Yvonne he was her cousin and that they'd been brought up like brother and sister and put him up in Eleanor's room.

Don was in a tremendous state of excitement about the success of the Bolsheviki in Russia, ate enormously, drank all the wine in the house, and was full of mysterious references to underground forces he was in touch with. He said all the armies were mutinous and that what had happened at Caporetto would happen on the whole front, the German

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soldiers were ready for revolt too and that would be the beginning of the world revolution. He told her about the mutinies at Verdun, about long trains of truckloads of soldiers he'd seen going up to an attack crying, "A bas la guerre" and shooting at the gendarmes as they went.

"Eveline, we're on the edge of gigantic events . . . The working classes of the world wont stand for this nonsense any longer . . . Damn it, the war will have been almost worth while if we get a new socialist civilization out of it." He leaned across the table and kissed her right under the thin nose of Yvonne who was bringing in pancakes with burning brandy on them. He wagged his finger at Yvonne and almost got a smile out of her by the way he said "Après la guerre finie."

That spring and summer things certainly did seem shaky, almost as if Don were right. At night she could hear the gigantic surf of the guns in continuous barrage on the crumpling front. The office was full of crazy rumors: the British Fifth army had turned and run, the Canadians had mutinied and seized Amiens, spies were disabling all the American planes, the Austrians were breaking through in Italy again. Three times they had orders to pack up their records and be ready to evacuate Paris. The wounded were being evacuated directly from the front on the base hospitals in Paris; days she had to go out the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne she saw on the pavement rows of American boys lying on stretchers in their bloody blankets waiting for room in the hospital. In the face of all that it was hard for the publicity department to keep up the proper cheerful attitude in their releases, but day by day Paris filled up reassuringly with American faces, American M.P.'s, Sam Browne belts and groceries, and in July Major Moorehouse, who had just arrived from the States, came into the office with a firsthand account of Chateau Thierry and announced that the war would be over in six months.

The same evening he asked Eveline to dine with him at the Cafe de Paris and to do it she broke a date she had with Jerry Burnham who had gotten back from the Near East and the Balkans and was full of stories of cholera and calamity. J.W. ordered a magnificent dinner, he said Eleanor had told him to see if Eveline didnt need a little cheering up. He talked about the gigantic era of expansion that would dawn for America after the war, America the good samaritan healing the wounds of wartorn Europe. It was as if he was rehearsing a speech, when he got to the end of it he looked at Eveline with a funny deprecatory smile and said "And the joke of it is, it's true" and Eveline laughed and suddenly found that she liked J.W. very much indeed.

She had on a new dress she'd bought at Paquin's with some money

her father had sent her for her birthday, and it was a relief after the uniform. They talked a good deal about Eleanor although Eveline was excited about the Cafe de Paris being the old hangout of Turgenev and Flaubert, and wanted to talk about that. Eleanor had hated it in Rome all that summer as Eveline knew by her letters; J.W. had seen her there and said that she wasn't having such a bad time, she was a great deal up at Tivoli, and that she was friends with the Ambassador and his wife; of course it was hot. Dinner was over before they had really gotten started talking. Eveline wanted to try to get him to talk about himself. She couldn't seem to get him started on anything.

After dinner they went to Maxim's but that was full with brawling drunken aviators and the rumpus and everything seemed to scare J.W. so that Eveline suggested to him that they go down to her place and have a glass of wine. When they got to the Quai de la Tournelle, just as they were stepping out of J.W.'s staffcar she caught sight of Don Stevens walking down the street. For a second she hoped he wouldn't see them, but he turned around and ran back. He had a young fellow with him in the uniform of the post despatch service whose name was Johnson. They all went up and sat around glumly in her parlor. She and J.W. couldn't seem to talk about anything but Eleanor, and the other two sat glumly in their chairs looking embarrassed until J.W. got to his feet, went down to his staffcar, and left.

"God damn it, if there's anything I hate it's a Red Cross Major," broke out Don as soon as the door closed behind J.W. Eveline was angry.

"Well, it's no worse than being a fake Quaker," she said icily.

"You must forgive our intruding Miss Hutchins," said Johnson, who had a blonde Swedish look.

"We wanted to get you to come out to a cafe or something, but it's too late now," stated Don crossly. The other boy interrupted him. "I hope, Miss Hutchins, you don't mind our intruding . . . I mean my intruding . . . I made Don bring me along. He's talked so much about you and it's a year since I've seen a real nice American girl."

He had a deferential way of talking and a whiny Minnesota accent that Eveline hated at first, but by the time he excused himself and left she liked him and stood up for him when Don said "He's an awful sweet guy but there's something sappy about him, I was afraid you wouldn't like him." She wouldn't let Don spend the night with her as he'd expected and he went away looking very sullen.

In October Eleanor came back with a lot of antique Italian painted panels she'd picked up for a song. In the Red Cross office there were

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more people than were needed for the work and she and Eleanor and J.W. took a tour of the Red Cross canteens in the east of France in a staffcar. It was a wonderful trip, the weather was good for a wonder almost like American October, they had lunch and dinner at regimental headquarters and army corps headquarters and divisional headquarters everywhere, and all the young officers were so nice to them, and J.W. was in such a good humor and kept them laughing all the time, and they saw field batteries firing and an airplane duel and sausage balloons and heard the shriek of an arrive'. It was during that trip that Eveline began to notice for the first time a coolness in Eleanor's manner that hurt her; they'd been such good friends the first week Eleanor had gotten back from Rome.

Back in Paris it suddenly got very exciting, so many people they knew turned up, Eveline's brother George who was an interpreter at the headquarters of the S.O.S. and a Mr Robbins a friend of J.W.'s who was always drunk and had a very funny way of talking and Jerry Burnham and a lot of newspaper men and Major Appleton who was now a Colonel. They had little dinners and parties and the main difficulty was sorting out ranks and getting hold of people who mixed properly. Fortunately their friends were all officers or correspondents who ranked as officers. Only once Don Stevens turned up just before they were having Colonel Appleton and Brigadier General Byng to dinner, and Eveline's asking him to stay made things very awkward because the General thought Quakers were slackers of the worst kind, and Don flared up and said a pacifist could be a better patriot than a staff officer in a soft job and that patriotism was a crime against humanity anyway. It would have been very disagreeable if Major Appleton who had drunk a great many cocktails hadn't broken through the little gilt chair he was sitting on and the general had laughed and kidded the major with a bad pun about avoirdupois that took everybody's mind off the argument. Eleanor was very sore about Don, though, and after guests had left she and Eveline had a standup quarrel. They made up the next morning, but Eveline said she was going to look for another apartment.

She got a little place on the Rue de Bussy where there was always a streetmarket and Eleanor to show how fond she was of her gave her some of her Italian painted panels to decorate the parlor.

Every day now there were more flags flying in the Paris streets, cafes opened, food restrictions disappeared in restaurants little by little. Among the crowds on the dark streets Eveline began to hear people speak of La Victoire. The newspapers began to talk of marching on Berlin,

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revolution in Austria, Germany, restoration of a proAllied government in Russia.

Eveline was surprised and pleased when J.W. came to call on her there one Sunday afternoon and took her out slumming as he called it.

That night he told her more about his early life, working in a real estate office in Ocean City, his two unhappy marriages, how he'd wanted to be a song-writer when he was a kid; she thought it was fascinating, and said to herself it was so silly of Eleanor to be chilly about her growing friendship with J.W. Of course there was nothing more to it than that. J.W. was obviously a man who had a great capacity for friendship and she'd never known a man like that before and she thought it was so interesting to get his ideas about things. Jealousy was just too tiresome anyway.

In early November rumors of an armistice began to fly around and then suddenly one afternoon Major Edgewood ran into the office that Eleanor and Eveline shared and dragged them both away from their desks and kissed them both and shouted, "At last it's come." Before she knew it Eveline found herself kissing Major Moorehouse right on the mouth. The Red Cross office turned into a college dormitory the night of a football victory: it was the Armistice.

Eveline was always a little hazy about what happened in Paris that night. Everybody seemed suddenly to have bottles of cognac and to be singing *There's a long long trail awinding or La Madel-lon pour nous n'est pas severe.*

She and Eleanor and J.W. and Major Edgewood were in a taxicab going to the *Cafe de la Paix*.

For some reason they kept getting out of taxicabs and other people kept getting in. They had to get to the *Cafe de la Paix* but whenever they got into a taxicab it was stopped by the crowd and the driver disappeared. But when they got there they found every table filled and files of people singing and dancing, streaming in and out all the doors. There were Greeks, Polish legionnaires, Russians, Serbs, Albanians in white kilts, a Highlander with bagpipes and a lot of girls in Alsatian costume. It was annoying not being able to find a table. Eleanor said maybe they ought to go somewhere else. J. W. was preoccupied and wanted to get to a telephone. And there was such a crowd.

Only Major Edgewood seemed to be enjoying himself. He was a greyhaired man with a little grizzled mustache and kept saying "Ah the lid's off today." He and Eveline went upstairs to see if they could find room there and ran into two Anzacs seated on a billiard table surrounded by a dozen bottles of champagne. Soon they were all drinking champagne

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with the Anzacs. They couldnt get anything to eat although Eleanor said she was starving and when J.W. tried to get into the phone booth he found an Italian officer and a girl tightly wedged together in it. The Anzacs were pretty drunk, and one of them was saying that the armistice was probably just another bloody piece of lying propaganda; so Eleanor suggested they try to go back to her place to have something to eat. J.W. said, yes they could stop at the Bourse so that he could send some cables. He must get in touch with his broker.

Eveline hated them. She wanted to be out among the crowds of friendly yelling singing people, following the flags, dancing to the music of little bands that had sprung up on every corner.

The Anzacs didnt like it when they left and were rather rude. They stood around for a long time in front of the opera in the middle of swirling crowds. The streetlights were on for the first time in years, the grey outlines of the opera were edged on the cornices with the shimmer of the oldfashioned gasillumination. They were jostled and pushed about. There were no buses, no automobiles; occasionally they passed a taxicab stranded in the crowd like a rock in a stream. At last on a side street they found themselves alongside a Red Cross staffcar that had nobody in it. The driver, who wasn't too sober, said he was trying to get the car back to the garage and said he'd take them down to the Quai de la Tournelle first.

Eveline was just climbing in when somehow she felt it was just too tiresome and she couldnt. The next minute she was marching arm in arm with a little French sailor in a group of people, mostly in Polish uniform who were following a Greek flag and singing la Brabançonne.

A minute later she realized she'd lost the car and her friends and was scared. She couldnt recognize the streets even, in this new Paris full of archlights and flags and bands and drunken people. She found herself dancing with the little sailor in the asphalt square in front of a church with two towers, then with a French colonial officer in a red cloak, then with a Polish legionnaire who spoke a little English and had lived in Newark, New Jersey, and then suddenly some young French soldiers were dancing in a ring around her holding hands. The game was you had to kiss one of them to break the ring. When she caught on she kissed one of them and everybody clapped and cheered and cried Vive l'Amerique. Another bunch came and kept on and on dancing around her until she began to feel scared. Her head was beginning to whirl around when she caught sight of an American uniform on the outskirts of the crowd. She broke through the ring bowling over a little fat Frenchman and fell on the

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doughboy's neck and kissed him, and everybody laughed and cheered and cried encore. He looked embarrassed; the man with him was Paul Johnson, Don Stevens' friend. "You see I had to kiss somebody," Eveline said blushing. The doughboy laughed and looked pleased.

"Oh I hope you didnt mind, Miss Hutchins, I hope you dont mind this crowd and everything," said Paul Johnson in his funny deprecatave way.

People spun around them dancing and shouting and she had to kiss Paul Johnson too before they'd let them go. He apologized solemnly again and said "Isn't it wonderful to be in Paris to see the armistice and everything, if you dont mind the crowd and everything? . . . But honetsly Miss Hutchins they're awful goodnatured. No fights or nothin' . . . Say, Don's in this cafe."

Don was behind a little zinc bar in the entrance to the cafe shaking up cocktails for a big crowd of Canadian and Anzac officers all very drunk. "I cant get him out of there," whispered Paul. "He's had more than he ought."

Eveline felt suddenly secure and happy with this boy who was so tall and young and deferential and shy. Even if he wasnt an officer it didnt matter today. Together they got Don out from behind the bar. There seemed to be nobody there to pay for the drinks. In the door he pulled off his grey cap and cried "Vive les quakers . . . a bas la guerre" and everybody cheered.

They roamed around aimlessly for a while, now and then they'd be stopped by a ring of people dancing around her and Don would kiss her. He was noisy drunk and she didnt like the way he acted as if she was his girl. She began to feel tired by the time they got to the Place de la Concorde and suggested that they cross the river and try to get to her apartment where she had some cold veal and salad.

Paul was embarrassedly saying perhaps he'd better not come, when Don ran off after a group of Alsatian girls who were hopping and skipping up the Champs Elysées. "Now you've got to come," she said. "To keep me from being kissed too much by strange men."

"But Miss Hutchins, you mustn't think Don meant anything running off like that. He's very excitable, especially when he drinks." She laughed and they walked on without saying anything more.

When they got to her apartment the old concierge hobbled out from her box and shook hands with both of them. "Ah madame, c'est la victoire," she said, "but it won't make my dead son come back to life will it?" For some reason Eveline could think of nothing to do but give

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her five francs and she went back muttering a singsong "Merci m'sieur madame."

Up in Eveline's tiny rooms Paul seemed terribly embarrassed. They ate everything there was to the last crumb of stale bread and talked a little vaguely. Paul sat on the edge of his chair and told her about his travels back and forth with despatches. He said how wonderful it had been for him coming abroad and seeing the army and European cities and meeting people like her and Don Stevens and that he hoped she didn't mind his not knowing much about all the things she and Don talked about. "If this really is the beginning of peace I wonder what we'll all do, Miss Hutchins," "O do call me Eveline, Paul." "I really do think it is the peace, Eveline, according to Wilson's Fourteen Points. I think Wilson's a great man myself in spite of all Don says, I know he's a darn sight cleverer than I am, but still . . . Maybe this is the last war there'll ever be. Gosh, think of that . . ." She hoped he'd kiss her when he left but all he did was shake hands awkwardly and say all in a breath, "I hope you won't mind if I come to see you next time I can get to Paris."

(To be continued)



THREE CANTOS

Ezra Pound

XXX

Tempus loquendi,

Tempus tacendi.

Said Mr Jefferson: "It wd. have given us
time."

"modern dress for your statue . . .

"I remember having written you while Congress sat at Annapolis,

"on water communication between ours and the western country,

"particularly the information . . . of the plain between

"Big Beaver and Cuyahoga, which made me hope that a canal

. . . navigation of Lake Erie and the Ohio. You must have had

"occasion of getting better information on this subject

"and if you have you wd. oblige me

"by a communication of it. I consider this canal,

"if practicable, as a very important work.

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T. J. to General Washington, 1787

... no slaves north of Maryland district ...
... flower found in Connecticut that vegetates when suspended in air ...
... screw more effectual if placed below surface of water.
Suspect that a countryman of ours, Mr Bushnell of Connecticut
is entitled to the merit of prior discovery.
Excellency Mr Adams, Excellency Dr. Franklin.
And thus Mr Jefferson (president) to Tom Paine:
"You expressed a wish to get a passage to this country
in a public vessel. Mr Dawson is charged with orders
to the captain of the 'Maryland' to receive and accommodate you
with passage back, if you can depart on so short a warning ...
in hopes you will find us returned to sentiments
worthy of former time ... in these you have laboured as
much as any man living. That you may long live to
continue your labours and to reap their fitting reward ...
Assurances of my high esteem and attachment."

"English papers ... their lies ...

in a few years ... no slaves northward of Maryland ...

"Their tobacco, 9 millions, delivered in port of France;
6 millions to manufacture
on which the king takes thirty million
that cost 25 odd to collect
so that it in all costs 72 millions livres to the
consumer ...
persuaded (I am) in this branch of the revenue;
the collection absorbs too much.

(from Paris; 1787)

... for our model, the Maison Quarée of Nismes ...

With respect to his motives (Madison writing) I acknowledged
I had been much puzzled to divine any natural ones
without looking deeper into human nature
than I was willing to do.

(in re/ Mr Robert Smith)

So critical the state of that country

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moneyed men I imagine are glad to place their money abroad.
Mr Adams could borrow there for us.

This country is really supposed to be on the eve of XTZBK49HT
(*parts of this letter in cypher*)

Jefferson from Paris to Madison

Aug. 2, 1787

I hear that Mr Beaumarchais means to make himself heard . . .
. . . turn through the Potomac, . . . commerce of Lake Erie . . .

I can further say with safety there is not a crowned head
in Europe whose talents or merits would entitle him
to be elected a vestryman by any American parish.

T. J. to General Washington, May 2, '88.

"When Lafayette harangued you and me and John Quincy Adams
"through a whole evening in your hotel in the Cul de Sac . . .
" . . . silent as you were. I was, in plain truth as astonished
"at the grossness of his ignorance of government and history,
"as I had been for years before at that of Turgot,
"La Rochefoucauld, of Condorcet and of Franklin."

To Mr Jefferson, Mr John Adams.

. . . care of the letter now enclosed. Most of them are
of a complexion not proper for the eye of the police.

From Monticello, April 16th, 1811

To Mr Barlow departing for Paris.

. . . indebted to nobody for more cordial aid than to Gallatin . . .

"Adair too had his kink. He believed all the Indians of
"America to be descended from the jews."

Mr Jefferson to Mr Adams.

"But observe that the public were at the same time paying
on it an interest of exactly the same amount
(four million dollars). Where then is the gain to either
party which makes it a public blessing?"

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to Mr Eppes, 1813

"Man, a rational creature!" said Franklin.

"Come, let us suppose a rational man.

"Strip him of all his appetites, especially his hunger and thirst.

"He is in his chamber, engaged in making experiments,

"Or in pursuing some problem.

"At this moment a servant knocks. 'Sir,

" 'dinner is on the table.'

" 'Ham and chickens.' 'Ham!

" 'and must I break the chain of my thoughts to

" 'go down and gnaw a morsel of damned hog's arse?

" 'Put aside your ham; I will dine tomorrow;'

Take away appetite, and the present generation would not

Live a month, and no future generation would exist;

and thus the exalted dignity of human nature etc. . . .

Mr Adams to Mr Jefferson

15 Nov. 1813.

" . . . wish that I cd. subjoin Gosindi's Syntagma

"of the doctrines of Epicurus.

(Mr Adams.)

" . . . this was the state of things in 1785 . . . "

(Mr Jefferson.)

. . . met by agreement, about the close of the session—

Patrick Henry, Frank Lee and your father,

Henry Lee and myself . . . to consult . . . measures

circumstances of times seemed to call for . . .

produce some channel of correspondence . . . this was in '73.

Jefferson to D. Carr

. . . church of St. Peter . . . human reason, human conscience,

though I believe that there are such things . . .

Mr Adams.

A tiels leis . . . en ancien scripture, and this

they have translated *Holy Scripture* . . .

Mr Jefferson

and they continue this error.

"Bonaparte . . . knowing nothing of commerce . . .

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... or paupers, who are about one fifth of the whole ... "

(on the state of England in 1814)

Explicit cantus

XXXII

"The revolution", said Mr Adams,

"Took place in the minds of the people."

... with sixty cannon, ten tons of powder,
10,000 muskets and bayonets, lead, bed-covers,
uniforms and a colonel, to affirm their neutrality ...

the Amphritrite

departed the tenth of March to her first destination ...

and a fourth which orders the liquidation

and payment of what remains due to the Merchants of Morea

et des dettes des dites Echelles as you may

read dans les arrets principaux du Conseil, decembre,

'soixante six.

armes et autres utenciles qui ne peuvent etre que pour

le compte du gouvernement ... Monsieur Saint-Libin

tres au fait des langues du Pays, connu des Nababs

especially Hyder Ali

... pour l'exciter, et a tailler des croupieres

to the Anglois ...

peu delicat sur les moyens ... to break up our bonds

with the Portagoose ... and as for the Amphritrite, M'lorrd

she fits under Beaumarchais' supervision, her cargo

mainly munitions.

Witnesses will some of them prove that he (Burr) had

no interest in the Ohio canal ...

coram non iudice

as usual where an opinion is to be supported right or wrong,

dwells on smaller objections and passes over the solid.

Oryzia mutica, the upland or mountain rice ...

seed of perennial succory ... very famous turnip of Sweeden ...

I pray you place me *rectus in curia* in this business

with the Emperor (Alexander) and to assure him

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that I carry into my retirement the highest veneration for his
dispositions to better at least in some degree the
condition of man oppressed . . .

If you return to us, to bring a couple of pair
of shepherd dogs, true-bred . . . much desired that war
be avoided.

type-founding to which antimony is essential, I
therefore place Mr Ronaldson in your hands.

. . . be avoided, if circumstances will admit . . .

for civilizing the indians, great improvement on the
ancient ineffectual . . . which began with religious ministrations.
The following has been successful. First, to raise cattle
whereby to acquire a sense of the value of property . . .
arithmetic to compute that value; thirdly writing, to
keep accounts, and here they begin to labour;
enclose farms, and the women to weave and spin . . .
fourth to read Aesops Fables, which are their first deglight
along with Robinson Crusoe. Creeks, Cherokees, the latter
now instituting a government.

. . . and as many just as respectable swore to the contrary
all of whom present at the sermon . . .

. . . deem it necessary to keep them down by hard labour;
poverty, ignorance,
and to take from them, as from bees, so much of their
earnings
as that unremitting labour shall be necessary to obtain
a sufficient surplus
barely to sustain a scant life. And these earnings
they apply to maintain their privileged orders in splendour and
idleness
to fascinate the eyes of the people . . . as to an order of
superior beings . . .

June 12, '23 to Judge Johnson. . .

whether in a sty, stable or state-room,
let everything bend before them and banish whatever might

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lead them to think . . . and thus are become as mere animals . . .

Cannibals of Europe are eating one another again . . .

out of his case, to say what the law in a moot case would be,
Judge Marshall is irregular . . .

. . . animal is entirely without thought
if deprived of that organ . . .

Mr Adams to Mr Jefferson . . .

or in a stateroom . . .

Louis Sixteenth was a fool

The King of Spain was a fool, the king of Naples a fool
they despatched two courriers weekly to tell each other over a thousand
miles what they had killed . . . the King of Sardinia
was, like all the Bourbons, a fool; the
Portuguese queen a Braganza and therefore by nature an idiot

The successor to Frederic of Prussia; a mere hog
in body and mind, Gustavus, and Joseph of Austria
were as you know really crazy; and George 3d was in
a straight waistcoat

there remained none but old Catherine; too lately picked
up . . .

by which we are in the constant practice of changing the
characters and propensities of the animals we raise for
our purposes . . .

a guisa de leon

The cannibals of Europe are eating one another again.

quando si posa

XXXIII

Quincy Nov. 13, 1815.

. . . is that despotism
or absolute power . . . unlimited sovereignty,
is the same in a majority of a popular assembly,
an aristocratical council, an oligarchical junto,
and a single emperor, equally arbitrary, bloody,
and in every respect diabolical. Wherever it has resided

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has never failed to destroy all records, memorials,
all histories which it did not like, and to corrupt
those it was cunning enough to preserve . . .

If the troops cd. be fed upon long letters, I believe the
gent. at the head of that dept. (in this country) wd.
be the best commissary on earth. But still I see him
determined to act, not to write; to sacrifice his
domestic ease to the duties of his appointment, and apply
to the resources of this country, wheresoever they are to
be had, I must entertain a different opinion of him.

T. J. to P. Henry, March '79.

. . . over five and twenty millions of people, when
four and twenty millions and five hundred thousand of them
can neither read nor write . . . as impracticable as it wd. be
over elephants in the Menagerie at Versailles.
Napoleon has invented a word, Ideology, which expresses
my opinion.

. . . how far advanced we were in the science of aristocracy
since the stallions of Theognis . . . Have not Chancellor
Livingston and Major General Humphries introduced an aristocracy
of Merino sheep . . . entailed upon us and forever . . .
of land jobbers and stock jobbers to endless generations.

AGATHOS, eternal and self-existent

J. A. 1815

. . . multiplication of officers and salaries merely to make
partisans . . .

That this possessor be kalos & agathos, theocrat, baron
,bojar or rich man matters very little.

. . . difference ascribed to our superiority in
taking aim when we fire . . .

"I speak of the Grand Duke of Tuscany (T. J. to J. A. '77)
somewhat avaricious in his nature . . . crowns lying dead
in his coffers, . . . application perhaps from Dr. Franklin
wd. be prudent to sound well before hand . . . "

Condorcet has let the cat out of the bag.

PAGANY

He has made precious confessions. I regret that I have only an English translation of his "Outline of the Historical View of the Progress of the Human Mind". But in pages 247, 248 and 249 you will find it frankly acknowledged that the philosophers of the eighteenth century adopted all the arts of the Pharisees.

... was in the minds of the people,
and this was effected from 1760 to 1775
in the course of fifteen years ... before Lexington ...

removal wd. be necessary to more able commissaries rather than to a more plentiful country. (T. J. on provisions.)

Bonaparte, Poor Devil! what has and what will become of him
... Cromwell, Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, i.e. to a bad end.
And Wellington? Envied, despised by all the barons, earls, viscounts, as an upstart, a parvenu elated over their heads.
(Mr. Adams to Thomas Jefferson.)

Literae nihil sanantes ... whether serpents' teeth sprang up men ...

cannot appease my melancholy commiseration for our armies
in this furious snow storm (Quincy, November 15th.)

But two things I did learn from him (Plato):
That Franklin's idea of exempting husbandmen and mariners etc.
from the depredations of war was borrowed from him
and (secondly) that sneezing is a cure for the hickups.

but to keep in countenance the funding and banking system
... orations, prayers, sermons ... not that they loved
General Washington, but merely to disgrace the old Whigs ...

£75,000 equal to £1,000 specie. (Feb. 1781)

settler will be worth to the public 20 times as much
every year, as in our old plan
he would have paid in a single payment ...

... limits of his individuality (cancels) and develops
his power as a specie. (Das Kapital) denounced in 1842 still
continue (today 1864) report of '42 was merely chucked into

the archives and remained there while these boys were ruined and became fathers of this generation . . . law for workshops remained a dead letter down to 1871 when was taken from control of municipal . . . and placed in hand of the factory inspectors, to whose body they added eight (8) assistants to deal with over one hundred thousand workshops and over 300 tile yards.

Rogier (minister) told me that this government (Brussels) had been intending to introduce such a law but found itself (re/ child labour not limited to 12 hours per day) always blocked by the jealous uneasiness that met any law tampering with the absolute freedom of labour.

Lord H. de Walden from Brussels, 1862.

They (the owners) denounced the inspectors as a species of revolutionary commissar pitilessly sacrificing the unfortunate labourers to their humanitarian fantasies (re/ the law of 1848).

that no factory owner shall sit as a magistrate in cases concerning the spinning of cotton . . .

(Factory Act of John Hobhouse)

nor shall his father, brother, or son.

And if the same small boys are merely shifted from the spinning room to the weaving room or from one factory to another; how can the inspector verify the number of hours they are worked. (1849, Leonard Horner).

Case where the jury ('62) was to decide whether soot adulterated with 90% of dust and sand was "adulterated-in-the-legal-sense" soot or in the commercial "real soot." As friends of commerce decided (the jury decided) it was "real soot" against the plaintiff with costs.

avenement révolution allemande posait des problèmes nouveaux, routine commercial être remplacée par création de deux fonds or et blé destinés au prolétariat victorieux (allemand)

to functionaries of legation in Berlin

PAGANY

who are members of the party (1923)

bureaucrat paisible, Van Tzin Vei se montra, tout à fait incapable d'assumer le rôle de chef d'une révolution sanguinaire.

(according to Monsieur Bessedovsky)

for ten years our (Russian) ambassadors have enquired what theories are in fashion in Moscow and have reported their facts to fit. (idem)

Bills discounted at exorbitant rates, four times or three times those offered by the Midland . . .

150 millions

yearly, merely in usurious discounts . . .

and he even

(to change the subject)

put into the mouths of the directors

of the Federal reserve banks the words that they should say . . .

"You have got more than your share; we want you to reduce; we can not let you have any more."

(Mr Brookhart)

page 34 of the minutes then they adopted another resolution, page 42, committee of interstate commerce, ask increase of railroad rates said to them: wd. suggest, gentlemen, you be careful not to give out anything about any discussion of discount rates disturbs everybody immediate rush never discuss in the newspapers . . .

. . . & Company's banker was in that meeting, and next day he was out after a loan of 60 millions; and got it. Swiftarmoursinclair but the country at large did not know it. The meeting decided we were over inflated.



for Virgil Thomson

THE EPISTLE TO ADEIMANTOS

Sherry Mangan

Towards an old concept, my friend: she is ill-placed, and for me and some others there is the devil in it. Surely our women, no less than our machines, have run away with us. We were often enough warned that pleasure enslaves; but we were sure of our young strength, whence are we soft.

Given, o Adeimantos, a slight girl, dancing, manner favorite of the pasha, lovely with the extraordinarily normal loveliness with which those gods are amused to endow such little girls of low estate. The breasts are classically apples; if the mind is rudimentary, it is no more indirect than that of any such healthy little animal set as a pleasant trap for us that tomorrow may have its men.

Such a one would bathe and hope, try scents and unguents, imagine greatness through favor, exclaim at stuffs, and in kindly mirrors play with her eyes. Called, she might dance not wholly in tradition, but of her newness the stinging eyes and the crisp hair might move a young untired prince. To esteem what passes we are perhaps too old, yet were we not often touched by this briefly dancing mortality?

There was a pasha once, a jaded voluptuary, yet a man, my friend, of exquisite feelings, the refinement of whose pleasure was to refrain excited daily from such a one. He was an old man, wise and tired: pleasure was daily rarer. She would go back to the hareem, pretending to the others to be glad of still virginity; but it was with a moued mouth and perplexed eyes that she turned her grace slowly before tall mirrors.

But this was long ago, and in another country, and so forth, Adeimantos. There are so many, so many: less individuals than functions; more indeed, less functions than triste manifestations of one function. Theirs is the future, of course. But all men must first be young men, and how many are lost: the nearness confuses, our humanity betrays us; it has the makings of a sorry business. They had in theory the best way, these Ottomani, yet even they were betrayed by their humanity into slavery: a different servitude from ours, and maybe a pleasanter one, but as complete in the end. Middle Asia had somehow left its mark; in them were the germs of the same infection that makes India the festering

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sore it is. But of what nation does humanity not betray men that further men may be born to have their strength in turn betrayed?

But this is now, and in this country, and me Dia how lively the wench is! I have often enough proven the delicacy of your imagination to know I can justly ask you to remember the initial dancer even while you transpose her to a modern frame. Take the little body standing before the pasha, and stand it nippily before a young man furtively eyeing it as he embarrassedly buys some handkerchiefs for his sweetheart in a department store. Let its tongue that talked seraglio gossip talk store gossip. And the little feet that danced in the court, let them dance now as drunkenly at Palais de Danse and Dew Drop Inns with young men from a university. Take, my friend, the little gross heres and theres that ached to serve the pasha, and have them ache to serve the nicest boy, checked successfully by the at once shy and shrewd mind. But Adeimantos, do not forget, through all, the grace of the dancer, be justly touched at the stupidly brave and assertive little mind, feel as we have heretofore unashamedly felt at the sight of any ephemeral bloom. For this child, I swear, was lovely: in few hareems would she not, gustibus paribus, have been a favorite. And there, my friend, was her place. But as we now live, there is no assurance, any dance may eventuate a dance of death, nobody may well be anybody, and there is no sure place.

I approach a history.

The man who failed to play even a pasha's part was from the university. Weak, wealthy, he drank to have a purpose; but convivially. Because he was in love with a boy but did not dare to love him, he spoke with hysterical hatred of invertes and slept blindly with most women. He had, as far as I can find, no friends, but his college acquaintance was numerous, as is natural. He probably was rather stupid, but maybe he was sometimes nice. I could be prejudiced, Adeimantos.

If she had ambition to rise, as that word now takes its meaning among us, we cannot carp save at those who by half-education have made these people possible. Yet she was not openly rapacious. Even I in what I like to think is bitterness cannot believe she said to herself: "I shall marry a rich rich man." True, she said—as who of these does not?—"It would be nice if the man I fell in love with was rich; but rich or not rich, I shall marry only the man I really love." I grant you freely, Adeimantos old cynic, that it comes to much the same thing, but—how shall I say?—my vanity makes my desired sense of justice wish to force my denied anger to admit she was more self-deceived than deceiving. Or something like. Do not be angry with me for my nature. However anything may be,

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though she naturally found him on first meeting intolerable, she as naturally grew slowly to love him. It is not strange, this: we all fall in love only for cause and to supposed advantage, and I think the so-called mystery of love is only a self-mystification. Else we are fools indeed. It does not affect the fabric of love, such knowledge, but they are few who can contemplate the bones of things and not go to some sort of pieces.

I approach a history.

Brief, Adeimantos, he took her to mistress. She was sometimes frightened, but mostly happy. Once she fainted in a bathtub in the hotel where he kept her. He was recalled from his office: at the time he was playing broker. The door had to be smashed down. Somebody said he kicked the hotel carpenter who, in breaking it down, saw her in the tub, but that is probably untrue. Still, there is no doubt he was a jealous man: he probably had no very high opinion of himself. The incident embarrassed them, but they were somehow happier after it. I believe it was not until afterwards that she was reconciled to her family. The mother, by some coincidence, went mad, but that was caused by some severe illness. Such things happen.

A curious close life, Adeimantos, not unlike the seraglio. A hotel suite, with scents and clothes and love and jewelry and scares and little things. Not untender. She left the hotel sometimes to shop a little extravagantly and to take walks in a park when he was busy. The rest mostly was nicely naked and talking idly. Perhaps she was happy so; but one has an idea she might have found it somehow not enough.

The man, with a neurotic heredity, abnormal tendencies, wanted with an undisplayed desperation to be healthy and normal. We are really in a little history.

Adeimantos my friend, he married her. Dubious both. But in one mad moment she was elevated from the hareem-dancer to the queen-mother. Cruel, nor to them alone. But to her alone it was unkind enough. I can leave to the nicety of your imagination, my friend, her little agonies with the forks, the English language, and the topics of conversation, cast into his eccentric family on a farm with no other acquaintance. They liked her very much: they had to. The phrase, married for money, buzzed, however, in her quashed thoughts: devotion naturally resulted. The man, unable to forget the boy, ploughed her like a bull a heifer. Kai ta loipa. She was a nice child. Like any seraglio-dancer she looked unfaithful, for her magnetism was not deliberately exercised. She looked, I say, unfaithful, though pity knows the poor child was faithful enough; but the man's jealousy was like an adolescent's, like Mitya Karamazov's. A pretty

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business truly, when the poor child would have been happy enough examining a piece of silk or thrilled when called to dance for a visiting vizier. Or now, the viziers being no more, to dance in vaudeville, or plunge, as she once considered doing, into a glass-tank. And have been very charming and touching, too.

There follows worse, Adeimantos. The boy was killed in the war; not badly, but killed nevertheless—shrapnel in the abdomen, I believe. The man, offering no explanations, possibly not even to himself, changed his manner of drinking, drank solitarily and hard. Life became more or less intolerable, but the dancing girl could not complain, or be unfaithful, or even unhappy: for had she not to prove to herself that she had not married for what she desperately called ignoble motives? She turned to Hindu pseudo-philosophy and limited vegetarianism, and used such big words in such strange ways that it would have brought tears to your eyes.

So she had a child, and that was all right for a while. I imagine she was a nice little mother. But the rest went on and on and on: there was no grown son to give this pasha the abdication by the bow-string. But finally he did it himself, neatly, like a gentleman, with a certain grace in the last act. So she woke up, after three days' sorrow, to find herself a millionairess with a lot of Hindu philosophy imperfectly apprehended about love and perfection.

How to go on? It makes a pretty history, Adeimantos my friend: slavies below stairs would drink it in avidly if Bertha M Clay had given us one of her renditions of it, and would dream that they too had attained this supreme happiness. But it has been a sad business for those of us who stand near. For the little dancer, now powered by mad circumstance, dances faster and faster, with hysterical abandon, and there fly off this spinning the tangented wrecks of things. There are two dead now, some are drunkards; and still others are drained and singed and permanently listless. It is—nor do I exaggerate—a dance of death. None can recognize it as such unless he is himself dying of it, for she is so simple a little girl, and it is all so bright and gay and confused and silly. If a thing is absurd, it cannot be allied with dying, surely. Drawn, some by greed simply, some by pity, and some by both mixed together in a torment of misunderstood feeling, to this dizzy vortex, we perish all.

She laughs to cover sorrow that she neither feels nor understands, and we laugh too, and try to feel, in fashionable wise, lightly desperate. But I cannot feel lightly desperate, because I feel so simply sad.

I have seen her, Adeimantos, I have seen her sitting in a big chair

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at dusk before the lights were lighted, with her dancing body crumpled up, looking at some silk from which she is going to have a masquerade costume made. Later she will think that it would be nice to love Damon perfectly and will order the butler to mix his favorite cocktails for the dinner party that evening, and then she will pick up a book which tells how, by the Great Discovery of the Conscious Progression of Higher Attainment to the Mystic Flowering of the Secret Oversoul, we can all be as snug as a bug in a rug, and she will happily lose herself in the comfort of the big words. But not now. Now, like my little seraglio dancer she is happily sitting in the big chair and the chair is comfortable and she is looking at the silk and she is scratching her back and she has an idea for a marvelous costume and she is humming and she is filled with a warm pleasant feeling because there is going to be a party and she is going to be the star of it and she is going to dance with two men she likes very much indeed and she—

Adeimantos my friend, this living is sadly mixed up, and outrageous things simply happen, and I guess there aren't any rules.

Beyond which weak statement I can seem to adduce no further conclusion.

The cold has risen well past my knees. This is one dinner party Damon will not attend. Remember my love, my friend, and farewell.

R:M:S: Olympic

October 1929



SIX POEMS

E. E. Cummings

I

come a little further—why be afraid—
here's the earliest star (have you a wish?)
touch me,
before we perish
(believe that not anything which has ever been
invented can spoil this or this instant)
kiss me a little:
the air
darkens and is alive—

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o live with me in the fewness of
these colours;
alone who slightly
always are beyond the reach of death

and the English

II

if i love You
(thickness means
worlds inhabited by roamingly
stern bright faeries

if you love
me) distance is mind carefully
luminous with innumerable gnomes
Of complete dream

if we love each (shyly)
other, what clouds do or Silently
Flowers resembles beauty
less than our breathing

III

speaking of love (of
which Who knows the
meaning; or how dreaming
becomes

if your heart's mine) i
guess a grassblade
Thinks beyond or
around (as poems are

made) Our picking it. this
caress that laugh
both quickly signify
life's only half (through

deep weather then

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or none let's feel
all) mind in mind flesh
In flesh succeeding disappear

IV

lady will you come with me into
the extremely little house of
my mind. Clocks strike. The

moon's round, through the window

as you see and really i have no
servants. We could almost live

at the top of these stairs, there's a free
room. We almost could go (you
and i) into a together whitely big
there is but if so or so

slowly i opened the window a
most tinyness, the moon (with white wig
and polished buttons) would take you away

—and all the clocks would run down the next day.

V

somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond
any experience, your eyes have their silence:
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclothe me
though i have closed myself as fingers,
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens
(touching skilfully, mysterious) her first rose

or if your wish be to close me, i and
my life will shut very beautifully, suddenly,
as when the heart of this flower imagines
the snow carefully everywhere descending;

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nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals
the power of your intense fragility: whose texture
compels me with the colour of its countries,
rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

VI

my darling since
you and
i thoroughly are haunted by
what neither is any
echo of dream nor
any flowering of any

echo (but the echo
of the flower of

Dreaming) somewhere behind us
always trying (or sometimes trying under
us) to is it
find somehow (but O gracefully) a
we, entirely whose least

breathing may surprise
ourselves

—lets then
despise what is not courage my

darling (for only Nobody knows
where truth grows why
birds fly and
especially who the moon is.

rites de passage

Mary Butts

Passages have played a great part in my life. The corridors at Salterns were white and green. Great places to run in, but they never met. One ended in glass. The rue du Vaugirard is not so straight, but the front of the Luxembourg is squared like the steel prints of forgotten gentle men which bordered my first running tracks.

Not a street for the feet.

A taxi-street.

Not a street for the rain

Because pain

Runs to earth at the Foyot upstairs in an upstairs room.

Round corners, not straight,

Running in, never out

Filling, filling, filling up that room.

So much for the things to be crossed to get out,

Corners in chess the knights turn.

Leave everything behind.

(Let it go, my beauty, let it go)

'I was happy when you loved me.'

I have seen the bloody tendrils of creepers torn from a wall:

I have been in at the death.

A garçon de promenoir once told me: 'There is a yellow patch and there is lightning: when the lightning is gone the yellow patch will be there.' Adding kindly: 'You are not lightning. You are something natural that keeps on turning up—that is never and always there. You know I don't like women.'

Queens survive young and fair:

But that does not happen without the passage rites, extension of the thing
that is: modification of reality:

analogy, stylization, art at best, transition at a careering place or stumbling.
Flight.

All begun at Salterns, with bare legs in the long halls.

A long way from those parallels to the floating rue de Vaugirard, and the
wicked corner twist that darted up to pain.

From ritual to romance

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Two mediocrities:

That is to say, without the high-strung moment

Which in the transition, the passage,

Undoubtedly occurs.

We are running again

Where we ran once,

This time along the parallels that meet.



ÄRMES MÄDCHEN

Richard Johns

Marcia lifted her hand, held it before her eyes and watched it tremble. "I'd rather not talk about it," she stated, with an attempted grimace.

But George went on, a slight purr in his voice, disarming. "It has done no harm. Really it was good, quite needed, you'll admit. Elsa could not support a child, and Paul could hardly be asked to support her. It was she who went to him, moved in,—speaking vulgarly, made him."

She turned her eyes to the window, lifted a slender finger to the curtain, enlarged her view. "Of course, you're right, I suppose," she said. "A woman gets in a mess, it's hers to clean up. A man can walk away so easily." She tried to laugh. "Luckily it's never physically a part of him."

George felt her attention wander, which had been so righteously keen at the first, saw her eyes on a small group of sailors in the street below, looked back to see them light with an intense pleasure, a hyper-visual sensation. He looked down again, saw merely four blond boys chatting on the corner, young, handsome animals, probably in off the sea for the one evening, ready for anything. And Marcia, here beside him, having shuddered daintily at a friend's quite usual mishap and remedy, had forgotten anger, disdain and contempt, forgotten even his presence, in a sharp, piercing pleasure, a feast of the eyes.

His hand touched her thigh gently. "Marcia, dear."

She stirred slightly, sensuously, then started. "What? What?" she said, coming back. "Oh, but the sea is blue!"

* * *

Paul sat silent, watching the dancers, hearing dimly the music. How lewd the waltz could be, how incredibly physical; somehow through the necessity for grace and regularity of tempo and rhythm, more stirring than

an intimate, animal embrace. Mary Oates was dancing with George Benton, a high delight in her eyes, a swift youth in her body, sudden, a thing of the moment, intense, vital. Paul, recalling the aging woman who had stood up to dance a fox-trot, grim yet childishly happy to have been chosen by a younger man, who had paced brittly the measures, cocking her head to syncopation, but suddenly, at the first strain of Strauss breathed deeply, swept her dress up over her arm and found grace still a possession, saw her indeed lovely in her breathlessness. There was something more intensely beautiful in the swift moment of charm achieved by a cultivated and overblown beauty than the attractive children with all their freshness could ever, in their naturalness, suggest. He looked at the others, at John, with no chance at appreciation, wheeling with the exquisite Natalie. There was a girl he'd like to take along the coast for a week-end, yes, even a week. Hoffmann, in his hectic will to live fully, was quite tight, talking intimately with a pert little gob by the bar. Poor Robert, he'd changed in a year, was, Paul feared, finished, still dryly intellectual at times and, then, most unhappy. Elsa was in the arms of Dan, looked better, seemed happy there. She'd be living with him shortly, and Paul would see no more reproaches in her eyes. She had been pleasant, but too demanding of something she called,—a little shrilly,—love.

He rose as Marcia neared the table, smiled into her moody, preoccupied face. She, he thought, could be lovelier than all the others, could, with a loosening of sinew and dismay, be radiant with life, a human being; quite removed from this defraught, unhappy crowd who tried to absorb the hearty life about them as if it were a drug, an aphrodisiac. Marcia was stunning in white, her rich brown skin radiant under the light, her pert, quizzical face a bit relaxed under the beat of two-three time.

"The next will be *Der Rosenkavalier*. Shall we dance it?" he asked her as she settled beside him. The waltz began that moment.

"No," she said. "I'd rather watch."

* * *

Marcia sat by Paul, letting the waltz have its way with her. She recalled the first performance of *Der Rosenkavalier* she had heard, her shocked delight in the easy sexiness of it, the lightly luscious but deeply stirring blood of it. Somehow it had colored things for her since, had made seem feeble and abnormal her fear of lust, her lonely release in dreams, in visual excitation. She remembered a deep blue evening in New York, high on a roof, under stars that suddenly came down in a dizzy shower as Carl turned on the victrola and came out to her in the spangled darkness, his arms an invitation, his body a dim grace before her. As the music

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had mounted to the height and fall of the last bit of joyous passion she had pushed him away, run to the edge of the roof, clinging with her whole body against its coolness, longed that the waltz swing into the pound of an older, earlier Strauss, that someone she had never spoken to, had never even seen, someone with young heat, might take her cruelly, bitterly, as a jest.

Now, as it surged over her again, she felt herself scarcely human, unneeded, empty and dry. Why, old Oates was whirling lightly, was lovely in a cascade of laces which swept up from the floor over her arm. What a woman she had been, was still in such a moment, her head a gay red warmth above an ivory back. Marcia leaned back, allowed Paul to fondle her hand, touch daringly her leg, felt a delicious thrill in the darkness.

Suddenly the lights came up and the band blared loudly into the *Schatz Waltzer*. Marcia's head swam with the vision of tight leather breeches above sturdy legs, the lift of embroidered skirts and nimble feet against a placid German scene, high on a hillside. She had run from the music deep into the forest, so smooth, so lawnlike and green, lain down almost outside its reach and wept, stormed that she could not let go in the gay abandon of the peasants. One had found her, a shy, diffident lad, who sat down beside her, stroking her head and murmuring: *Armes mädchen, lass-du mir lieben? Es viel dir früllick machen,*" over and over again. She had quieted in his arms, looked up through the trees at a dappled sky, wondering what he said so kindly, so thoughtfully. At last his hands had sought hers, sought her clothes, the clasps. She had stood up, wretched, unhappy, shaking her head slowly, not at all angry, very much disturbed. Again he said it; she had memorized the words, so full of music, which she felt sure weren't altogether proper but had sounded so right. As she shook her head his smile relaxed, he walked slowly away without turning around. When she got back to the hotel and her dictionary she cried some more, even knowing that nothing could have been different.

Now, as the waltz came to her again, in this so different atmosphere, she felt stifled, felt deep pain in her breast, in the side of her head. A madness seized her, she rose and approached the bar. A tall man, strong-looking, bronzed with sun, stood there watching her. She ran up to Hoffman and his boy. "Dance with me!" she begged the sailor, but he turned his back on her, disinterested. She turned again, the man caught at her arm. She looked up at him quickly.

"Oh no," she cried. "Not you! Not you!" Her brain wheeled. The little tar would have been safe, she could have let herself go loose in his arms; it would have meant nothing to him, just a body to steer around.

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The man had watched Marcia approaching, seen the stormy torment of her eyes, the unconscious sense of safety reflected in them as they fastened on the little sailor with Bob. The curt, conscious snub was insufferable to him, who had known so many like him at sea. And so his hand caught at the girl's as she turned away. He meant to comfort her somehow, bring peace to her eyes. Such eyes in such a face he had never seen; the face was that of a simple woman, virginal, ready to be brought to life, awakened, the eyes held all the knowledged erotic dismay eyes could hold.

For a moment they had seemed to find restfulness in his and then in panic she cried out against him, fled across the floor to take George Benton from the arms of Oates.

"Get me home, George, please. Get me home."

She was exhausted. As they left the hall she looked again at the man, who had not moved from the bar, who still smiled after her, pleasantly.

Outside she felt better. "Who was that?" she asked.

George looked down at her fondly. "You mean Gene Lawson, I guess. You must meet him rightly some time. I've known him off and on for years, as gentle and as sweet a man as I've ever known, despite, or maybe because of, his strength. Poor fellow, he looks rather done in. I hear he has T B or something. It's a damned shame."

Marcia smiled wanly. "He must have thought me mad, screaming at him so. Tell him I was only frightened, will you?"

George promised, promised to see her the next day, have a good talk. He'd like to help Marcia get wise to herself, to what living might mean. Suddenly, remembering the earlier afternoon's visual intoxication, he felt he might.

* * *

She opened the door to George. "Thank God you've come. I'm all unset, my head is tight with feeling, not pain exactly, a kind of numbness. What's wrong with me? Why do I have to be like this, defraught, neurotic, so unhappy."

George leaned back, lit his pipe and looked at her. "You poor, silly kid, you really know what's wrong, but you won't admit it, even to yourself. It's time now you should get yourself together, give up such wretched, wasteful living for what belongs to you, is in you when you use your head to find it."

Marcia paced about the room, her hand against her head, containing herself with difficulty. "Tell me, tell me, George. I've imagined everything from brain tumor to insanity. Why should I have acted as I did last night?"

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"Poor sweet, don't you see how simple it is. Here you are, physically wretched, in actual pain, yet physically whole, healthy. Let go! Let your eyes seek what sight they may, take your fill of looking, loosen the tight terror at the core of you, that alone will be relief for your head. Soon, and really very soon, my dear, the fear of lust and desire, so illy satisfied in your terrified visual adventures, will be gone, your body will become what it's meant to be, an instrument for delight and pleasure. Dreams, without the fear, will become actuality, satisfaction. Perhaps one laughs at the man whose doctor has said he should be married, but, after all, that doctor is a wise and canny man, and the man a fool who hides behind neurotic symptoms, imagines ailments out of natural tension, does not relieve a sad hysteria. Not marriage, necessarily, but sexual relaxation. God knows I'm not an advocate of dog-like promiscuity, but of a simple need. That one as lovely and choice as you should be mixed up so deeply with despair and torment, exquisite torture of yourself, merely because you will not satisfy a good, honest desire, is criminal to yourself. You turn it into a flagellant sensation, ending in such tight hysteria as you displayed last night, are feeling now."

Marcia clasped her hands. "God, George, I wish I knew you right, knew I could loosen head and neck and heart so simply." Her hands came together in a sudden panic. "But what I've imagined, when I've dared to, has been so full, so deliriously more than adequate, a sheer, sustained delight that doesn't let down. And you, in your casual contacts, sweetly light and physical, know nothing of this tremendous emotion I have constructed, which alone will satisfy me."

George turned away, sorry for her, suddenly distant. "I'd rape you now, if I thought that would do you good. But it wouldn't. Sometime it'll happen, simply, will take you on a tide of honest, unafraid delight. Now you are like a person awaiting an operation, holding some childish hence monstrous, recollection of anesthesia in your head, dreading, with unreasoned panic, the ether, the ease from pain, the healthy heartiness of wholeness."

Marcia was quiet now, absorbing what seemed such promise of release.

George touched her hair lightly as he left the room. "Remember, sweet, don't push it, let it come itself. But loosen, prepare yourself, overlook your head and heart, uncomfortable sensation, be open and receptive for what is, so very simply,—comfort."

Marcia looked up into his eyes. "And I had thought you essentially

cruel, George, had thought you merely using people for the pleasure of their flesh."

"I do," said George. "But those for whom I've cared who now are unhappy are so not on my account but because they cannot learn, or rather will not, the simple naturalness they must possess to know the real warmth of living. Say you lie in the sun, and for a moment it is yours, the peace, the hot heartiness; someone talks to you, you're frightened, and it's gone."

At the door he paused. "You can possess it all the time, my sweet, you will. Don't think so much about yourself, your pains, they're strictly of your own making, and you alone can teach yourself right mirth about them."

When he had gone, a lightness filled Marcia, relaxation claimed her, she felt strong and eager, without fear, wanting such life, light, sun-spread living. She went out upon the roof, lay flat upon her back, cried with delight at finding her limbs slow with peace.

* * *

The morning sun set people in hordes upon the beach. Life was in the air, colorful, delirious. The men and boys, swarming out to the reef, stripped down their suits for an even tan. Marcia came out upon the plage, feeling easy, filled with a strong content. Her eyes were bright, quick to observe, excite her. A fill of looking had eased her before she met Mary Oates, who, under her eternal, gay parasol, was seated on the sand, a pad in her hand, but no words on it. Marcia saw that her eyes, generally so forward and daring, swept leisurely over the strolling sailors, that her binoculars were still in their case, her intensity slumberous, liquid. "So this, then, is content," thought Marcia, "is assuagement and peace." Mary, a full and stormy night behind her, was restful, greeted the younger woman kindly, asked her to sit down with her.

"The day is hot and ripe" she said. "A day for decisions and daring. Yet I am leisurely and cool, a full night older." Carefully she suggested that love had been with her through the dark, that a strident day, disturbing, would not disarm her. Marcia relaxed beside her, complimented her on the dancing of two nights before, how lovely she had looked. Oates, who hated younger women generally, could stand this one, having sensed the frightened diffidence, her shield and armor. And Marcia, as Mary talked on of life, of beautiful things that happened in it, envied her first, then dreamed of emulation, a similar acceptance.

Suddenly Gene stood above them, shutting off the sun, a huge shadow on the sand. As Mary introduced them, they looked closely each at each,

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and Marcia felt a liquid peace within her, a swift, idle torrent that flooded her sweetly. Neither mentioned an earlier meeting and when Mary gathered up her things to move on for lunch, they lay silent side by side. His body, in trunks, had a vibrant loveliness for her, a rich awareness of itself and its appearance.

"Don't you swim this morning?" he asked, as Marcia raised herself upon her arm to study him more closely, smiled secretly at her, a wish in his voice to see more of her grace, her long-limbed slenderness. She murmured lazily, drifted away to put on her suit, conscious of a tenderness within her, a wish to do anything to please him. Gone was the tight selfish wish to satisfy her vision, feed her erotic distress.

He was asleep when she returned, his head pillowed on his arm like a trusting child. She did not disturb him, sat there placid in the sun. At last he turned, in a dream, his arm fell across her legs, tightened swiftly in surprise as he awoke. She looked down at him, stood up and held her hand out to him. Quickly they ran to the breakers, struck out swiftly toward the now deserted reef. Here they settled, smiling secretly each at each.

"Forgive me for the other evening," she said, assurance in her voice, with no hint of embarrassment. "I was distraught, over-tired."

"I haven't thought of it." He smiled back, and she stretched out, happy under the soft brush of his hands over her head. Sleep caught her, who had been so tired, so fearfully on edge. She awoke some moments later to find him no longer beside her, heard him the other side of the dune, choking desperately.

She ran to him, tremendously frightened. His hand caught hers and held it without strength. "Swim back, dear, will you? Have them send a boat." He suppressed a twinge of terror, starting to his eyes. "I overdid a bit, I guess, but everything's all right. I'll see you this afternoon."

Her lips brushed against his forehead, drenched with sweat. Suddenly, daringly, she whispered: "You must take care, my precious. I shall see you do." Heart pounding desperately, she swam the strait, found George upon the beach, and sent him out to Gene. In her room, she undressed slowly, stroked her flanks before the glass, turned, looking coquettishly at her back.

"You, little Marcia, frightened child, you are going to live. Make a sick man well and happy." Laughing a bit at herself, joyous in her new-found release, she dressed with care, sought the Casino, looked for Gene. Paul and George rose as she came in, rose with wonder in their eyes at her rich content, her vibrancy.

"How is he? Is he coming soon?" she greeted them. Paul took her hand and held it comfortingly.

"He's sick, Marcia, maybe very sick." He looked across at George. "It's bed for him for some time now."

Marcia's heart was barely stirred. "Then I will care for him, make him well and strong. He can't be very ill and look so fine."

George caught her thought. "Be careful, sweet. Be very careful of him. You can help him and—" His voice a whisper—"he is helping you. Be patient, you have waited—be patient now just a little longer."

She listened in abstraction, found out where Gene was staying, excused herself at once. Her feet fled over the bistro floor as over grass.

* * *

"Come here," Gene said one day, as she was fussing about the room, straightening rugs and chairs, fingering and smoothing the curtains. As she sat beside him he took her hand, held it in his big feverish ones. "Why do you come here every day? People don't come to see sick people without a reason. And you had met me once, no, twice, before I got into this bed, perhaps for good."

"Don't, dear, don't" she whispered. "You'll be well, you're better already." She got up, moved across the room, sat in the big chair by the window, the sun behind her. The great frame in the bed, vividly outlined beneath the light sheet stirred her, seemed something she must take or be taken by, a right release. Her virginity was again desperate, resentful of her mind and its images of lust, fear of actuality, disappointment and pain. But this great gentle man, tired, worn, would lull her back to balance, to an acceptance of her body, to a pleasure in the little lightness which seemed enough for those around her. It would be persuasive, necessarily weak, something to set between her panic and her need.

The evening, setting in behind her, burnished her hair almost to red. In the dimness Gene moved restlessly, waking from a doze, threw the sheet from his shoulders, rubbed their bronze with his handsome hands. "You must have that over you," she whispered, coming toward him. "You must keep covered, get warm and strong."

Inarticulately he murmured against her breast, loosening her bodice, cuddling down his head. "You're warm," he breathed. "You're warm and soft and strong. Give it back to me, the heat, the strength, build up my softness, help me to be whole again."

And this was asked of her, who, too, must have that wholeness, needed it desperately. She stretched herself beside him, gently drew her-

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self close, stroked his head and neck, the starting muscles of his back. He was a child, a great, hurt child who needed her. It was she, then, who must be daring, forward. With a sudden loosening in her head and heart she pressed her lips close beneath his ear, in a delicious languor felt his arms tighten about her, strain.

* * *

It was a waltz she did not know, could not describe, was somehow Gene to her. As she smoothed his wet brow, closed his eyes, so bright these days, bathed him tenderly on hot afternoons, it would pour in the window from the house across the street. They played it continuously, and she hummed it softly to the great shaggy head beneath her hands. They had quiet talks, she and Gene, long hours when she spoke endlessly of how wretched she had been, how he had released her, made her rich in living, comfortable. He told her much about himself, the lonely nights high in the hills or far at sea when he had dreamed of a woman, a woman so completely all he wanted in the way of love and loveliness that he was sure he'd never find her, had found her only now. And Marcia, in passionate sympathy, wooed him gently into an ecstatic exhaustion, never realizing what she did to him, the destruction of her kiss.

But Gene guessed at last his aching weakness, the gradual but certain havoc being wrought, guessed it and discarded it in the satisfaction of bringing a lovely thing to flower, giving it life. One day he woke to desperate fear, to the discovery that life had slipped away from under him, was little more to be. He sent for Paul and told him he must get away, to Switzerland, anywhere so that Marcia should not know, need never know what she had done to him.

* * *

And Marcia, at the last farewell, was radiant and happy, full of dark, rich life. Gene, as if rubbed in chalk, hardly even big any longer, raised his head to kiss her for the final time, feel the throbbing warmth and life she held, that he had given her, his last fine frailty. She patted his head, talking gaily. "Come back to me soon, my dear. Be quite still and restful for a time, no Jungfraus for a while, just peace and quiet. We'll show you life when you get back." He smiled up at her quizzically.

The station was suddenly light and very empty. For the first time she seemed to sense how tired he was, used up, perhaps in a dangerous condi-

tion. For the moment beside herself, she clasped his hand. "Take care, my sweet; be good."

At a signal from Gene they wheeled him off before she looked more closely, before she recognized the other man a nurse. She turned to Paul and George beside her. "Is he all right? He does look badly, wretchedly." Her voice broke. "And I thought to help him."

"He'll be fine," said Paul, laconically, his eyes upon hers, alive, clear and unafraid, no longer furtive. He took her arm, his hand close under and against her breast; George took her other arm, lightly. They went directly to the Casino and ordered drinks around, all three thoughtful, thinking different things. The orchestra tuned up, began playing, and Gene's waltz, her waltz, filled the air. Marcia turned to George, conscious of Paul's hand warm against her thigh. "What is it?" she asked.

"*Valse Triste*—Sibelius," he stated.

She shook her head. "Oh, I don't care who wrote it. But, what is it? It was Gene's waltz to me, that wasn't triste."

George shook his head gravely. "You made him happy, content. You gave him something he had never known. And he has given you—well, shall we say this . . . ?"

She nodded, scarcely listening, paying scant attention to his words. Paul's fingers were persuasive, hot and strong against her. She turned to him, her eyes hinting at her body's ripeness. "It's a waltz, chéri, and a waltz is always a dance."

She glued herself against him as the orchestra, seeing them rise, accentuated the tempo, signalled that the lights be dimmed.



FOUR PRELUDES

Conrad Aiken

I

Where is that noble mind that knows no evil,
gay insubordinations of the worm?
discords of mishap, rash disharmonies
sprung from disorders in the spirit's state?
if there is such, we'll have him out in public,
and have his heart out too. There is no good
no sweet no noble no divine no right
but it is bred of rich economy
amongst the hothead factions of the soul.
Show me that virtuous and intolerable woman
who swears, and doubly swears, that she is good,
and feeds her virtue on a daily lie;
that simple soul who wears simplicity
as if it were a god's cloak dropped from heaven;
who has no secrets, no, not one, and minces
sunrise to sunset with a sunlit smile,
her little brain and little heart wide open;
by god, we'll rip such foulness from that angel
as never charnel knew.

But if we find
in some rank purlieu of our rotting world
that stinking wretch whose rot is worse than worst:
that natural marsh of nature, in which evil
is light as hawk to wing, and with such grace:
him whom the noble scorn, whose eye is dark,
who wears his rags around a Hinnom heart:
why, in that heart will come such power as never
visits the virtuous, and such sweetness too
as god reserves for chaos.

II

You trust the heart? far better trust the sea.
Or swear, with Romeo, by the unfaithful moon.
Believe that ripening acorns will not fall.
Turn a dull eye on heaven, a trustful eye,
and think the clouds will keep their rain forever.
She will be faithless to you: will have smiles,
deep from the heart, for other men than you;
will touch them with the wings of her wide spirit;
delight and madden them; lead them to darkness;
and all with such a fraction of soul's mischief
as a dropped lid will cover. In a twinkling
the deed is done: and she is lost, is lost,
farther than ever imagination's power
will sound or soar in chaos.

Hurry after,
if so you will, with hatred's furious wings,
and strike her like the hawk; she will be numb, and stupid too,
and hang defenseless under,
and die or live with the sick rage of betrayal.
Strike her till she be dead: and it is you
who will lie dead, with the world's ruin about you.
Tell her that she is faithless and a wanton.
Rip auricle from ventricle, and shred
the sore affections out; but better blame
the ignoble blood—or so you'd say—that comes
from god himself.

For so it comes, from god.
It is the sovereign stream, the source of all;
bears with it false and true, and dead and dying;
the seed, the seedling; worlds, and worlds to come.
Is there a treason here that is not you?
Accept this logic, this dark blood of things.
There is no treason here that is not you.

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III

Such as you saw, on such and such a day,—
the word you spoke, at such and such an hour,—
such feelings, or such vision, or such thought——!

what it this suchness that we talk of, lady?
what is a "such," that we should make it speak?
it is a sound by tongue and wonder made—

delirium of the surface of the earth;
shudder of air . . .

And it is less than this—:
it is the flame, dropped upon a wet leaf;
the blood-drop on the pillow; the breath blown
on the cold windowpane which winter weaves.

It is the history, in item told,
of ichthyosaurus, in a marsh of time;
of Grimm's law in the forest leaf . . .

And yet,
comes the dark forest, which no heart foresees,
no mind conceives, no will forestalls, and takes
this suchness, all its beautiful abstraction,—

and you, bright flash of time, whose gentle hands
touch the divine in melody: and me
who waste my hour, comparing such with so.

IV

The clouds flow slowly across the sky, the idea
Slowly takes shape, and slowly passes, and changes
Its shape in passing. It is a shape of grief,
Plangent and poignant. It is a comic gesture.
It is a wound in air. It is last year.
It is the notion,—flippantly held and lost,—
Of next year, with a burden of coarse disasters,

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Or the year after, with a burden of boredom.
The leaf has come and gone—it was hard, bright, brittle,
Bore thorns, sparkled in light, and now is lost,—
Find it, love, if you can. It was the scene
of Tristan, firefly, and Isolde, firefly; they glowed
With timeless rapture upon it, gilded its edges,
And they and it are gone.

The clouds flow slowly,
The idea is slowly changing, like the cloud,
The mind is changing, like a heaven of clouds,
The "I" changes, and with it the "you." The sea
Brings its flotsam, and takes it away again,
Or leaves a bewildering fragment on the sand,
A pebble, a splinter of wood, a cork, a bottle,
Which other tides will devour. The wind alters,
And the cloud, moving, becomes bird, a dolphin,
A skeleton of a leaf, a curve, a nothing.
The blood changes, and the idea becomes
A wish, or half a wish, a fear, a chuckle,
Vision of winking bubbles, or a nothing.

The year moves on, and with it I become
Something less and something more . . .
The window breaks, and the light in the room is changed.
The cobweb alters it anew. The rain
Darkens the corners beyond recognition,
Evokes what ghosts they have. The southwest wind
Fills them suddenly with blossom. The snow
Throngs them with memories . . .

Excellent woman,
Rock over water, field beneath cloud shadow,
Fixed above the changing,
Take comfort if you can in this mad waste:
I am the leaf that dies upon your hand:
Dismiss me with my dying. We are undone
With permanence in impermanence, the flowing
Of shape to shape which means all shapelessness.
Is this my hand in yours? ah, no such thing.

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It is the fog which curtsies to the fog:
The god who finds himself a fraud: the wind
From nowhere blown to nowhere, without meaning.



CONEY ISLAND ANGELUS BELLS

Edward Dahlberg

The BMT subways were advertising the Mardi Gras at Coney Island. Lorry had not been out to the island boardwalk since he and his mother had lived in Bensonhurst. At Times Square Lorry came out of the subway station. A pawnshop tweedish mist wobbled over the Paramount Building which stands at the streetcar corner at 43rd and Broadway wating to be picked up, but a bit coyly, with its hands on its hips, like one of Cranach's flapperish Eves.

The sidewalks, as dull as erasinggum, lean far back to look up to it. It was saturday night. A heavy collegiate *bloomingdale* bagtrousered beau night. The mass-production crowds, quite out of focus, suggested a *cecil de mille* mob scene in Galilee.

The moving picture electric advertising signs flowed a fleasy *nedick's* chemise orange through the mist. Lorry was prowling about the front steps of the Astor Hotel looking for a fast dame. *Gotham Gold Striped* legs passed up and down. Baby high heels clicked with the precision of typewriter keys against the stone. Some linoleum tigerlilies gleamed from the window of the florist next door. He made the rounds of the lobby filled with women and then came out. Then he walked up and down the block and, falling in with the hordes, Lorry continued to look more or less half-heartedly for a pick-up. He did not want a whore, for there was too much of the W C about them.

He moved away from the garish forties and up toward the scurvy fifties. Approaching *Child's* he stood around for a bit. Then he stared in through the plate glass. The ceiling lights had something of the hypnotic photomaton glare. Inside the faces bulged and corkscrewed: some lngers, as lean as the famine, handled their food like prestidigitators. They were as bony and tombslabbleak as skeletal, forkey branches in early newspaper-crisp november. Chilled and tired (as though he had been exposed to an open draughty window in a moving car for hours), he walked off.

At 51st Street he turned the corner. There the 6th Avenue El

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dangles for a block or two and the trains, the color of a loud pair of shoes, tap down the tracks and moviepicture their oleomargarine lights against the broken-down lurid detective mystery story houses underneath them.

Coming back and as he was about to skid around the corner again, he saw a woman with the ritualized whorish gait go by. For a moment he halted, looked back, and then went on. He had decided to go out to Coney Island. Besides, he did not want any hockshop sex.

CONEY ISLAND ANGELUS BELLS

Lorry strolled along the coney island boardwalk. The evening was still young with dim blue circles around its eyes. A light skimpy september mist hung over the amusement park, blurring the scenic railway and impinging upon the housetops like a shred of consciousness. A few canes clacked along. Diminutive stucco breakers came in and foamed over the mulatto sands. There was a touch of brine and dowdy secondhand seaweed in the air, oysterhouse seaside brine. He thought of *The Electric Oyster House* underneath the 8th Street viaduct. The oily, crisco smell of concession stand hamburger recalled *Peck's Quick Lunch*. These memories made him less lonely. He walked along with them, beating a light, breezy *arrow collar* tap with the thin soles of his shoes.

He was about to follow a neat little Mick in a turquoise sea-green dress and Cape Cod gray silkstockings. But then he stopped short to stare at a couple of young chaps who were trying to make two beach chassies. They pursued them as though their heads and bodies had been decapitated. Their eyes clung to their legs with the usual American gyneolatonry of the glorified silkstocking. Every few minutes they paused out of discomfiture, as though they were taking stock of the situation, but really in order to reestablish themselves; then for fear of losing a possibility, they dog-scented them again.

Lorry kept behind them absorbed in their tactics. Outside of the trumpet-flare of the mardi gras lights, the two dames turned back. The place which had something of the pensive solitariness of a trainyard seemed to have somewhat toned them down. They appeared softer. The two fellows were now soft-shoeing along. They giggled easefully. The girls smiled but moved along.

Back in the center of things the Mardi Gras was on. Later the classy electric floats would parade down Coney Island Avenue. Confetti was being spilled. The boardwalks looked all madeup like a vaudeville star. The two chasers bought a bag of confetti and followed the janes with

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more boldness, more carnival license, shooting handfuls of it into their faces and douching their backs and loop-the-loop spines whenever they could. The excitement had changed them. The suggestion of the beaten, whipped, sex-starved American alley-dog in their gait was gone—the hungry dog of a Clevelander, a Chicagoan or a New Yorker who has walked the streets the better part of the night hopelessly pounding the pavements for a warm lay,—that had gone underground and disappeared.

Lorry went his own way. He ambled along, huddling close to the orangebox-shaped concession stands, his head and shoulders sloping derrick-like, as if he were carrying an umbrella. He paused to listen to a health-lecture. Then he searched for a water-fountain to drink the required number of quarts to properly flush his kidneys, adjust his heart action and remedy his upper colon. Passing a sideshow baby incubator he recoiled and rushed away.

The scenic railway racketed in his ears. The crazy, toy-like byzantine cupolas of the Ramshackle scaffolding and wooden framework rose out of the spider-dangling mist and remained there immobile, transfixed, a little ludicrous, a little pathetic and tragic, like a chekovian nincompoop or a chess king just checkmated. The nasal caroussel was grinding away:

falling in love

falling in love

with you dear

"Try the *Whip!* 15 cents! Show your sweetie a whirling swirling time!"

"Win a kewpie doll! Three balls for a dime!"

He went away.

"Try the hammer!"

NOAH'S ARK

Dim coney island angelus bells rang in his ears. There was *Noah's Ark*, a Columbia burlesk edition of the bible before him. Outside was Noah, a patriarchal bent turpinesque cross-eyed codger. There he stood holding a red and yellow caboose stage lantern in one hand and a spyglass in the other. He wore a worker's *Wobbly* shirt and a skipper's hat, and a white malted milk beard flowed from his plaster of paris chin. Above him read the placard: O. U. Noah 516 B.C.

Mrs. Noah, in a farmerette's apron which ran over the prairie plains of her breasts, and a hoosier bonnet, was seated not far from Mr. Noah. Ham's hams propped up on the deck and near Mrs. Noah's, continued to move his inelastic arms up and down. In one hand he tipped a bottle of

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bootleg booze. And Hank, his kid brother, lodged behind welfare island rope bars, was attempting to push his way out of his own solipsism and beyond the immanent world.

On top of the rockingchair Ark rested a cock-eyed chimney with a christthorn of electric bulbs on its square rim. Lorry paid a ten cent admission and went across a bridge which swung over an ovular-egg gush of water. Some ducks were waddling through it. There was poultry also. Lizzie, the Ostrich, was looking through a window:

of fowls after their kind
cattle after their kind.

A stunt automatic giraffe, with a flagpole rigor mortis neck was stuck through another window. At the other end of the Ark there was an old testament left exit through the jaws of Jonah's whale. A back-to-the-farm cow stood transfixed: besides an Armour packinghouse pig: elsewhere a Grimm fairy tale donkey brayed:

of every creeping thing
of the earth after his kind,
while i hitch old dobbin to the
shay

Inside were the trap doors, shimmying walls, tricky moveable floors, dark, urinary apocalyptic corridors,—the seven seals of the *Revelations*. Through a splice of insolvent darkness a macabre skeleton syncopated in lithographic blackness.

A man in a lobster-red jockey cap was taking tickets:

he remembered he never could eat red lobster meat in the electric oyster house because it smelled like a baby's wet diapers. now it all came back and stirred in his bowels seaside oysterhouse brine curled in his nostrils. once harry coen the huckster told him that jesus was a bastard and god had wet him and for that reason you could never find jesus mentioned in the bible. when he told bud taylor that bud said that god was a dirty cheney and after that lorry loved jesus better than god and snuck off every sunday morning to the baptist church on admiral boulevard. and besides his mother had never told him anything about his dad and like jesus he thought he had never had any and then he began to think that he was jesus. you couldn't believe harry coen from here to there, his mother always said. he was just a boor. and once when there were hot baking clam chowder clouds over the 8th street viaduct he couldn't find his shovel and he said goddam and he was afraid. he was sure god would kill him with a bolt of lightning or with the scarlet fever and he looked to jesus for help because the baptist sunday school teacher told him jesus's tongue was as smooth as butter. then he ate lots of butter so that his tongue would become smooth too and he would become more like jesus, would be jesus. and often at night when the stars hung like shiny aluminum pots over the trolley wires he wanted to be the night

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and the stars so that he could be jesus. he loved king david too who was as good-looking as bud taylor.

after that he stayed indoors and read anderson's fairy tales and a child history's of the bible and every night he prayed and he made up his prayers out of all that he had read and heard and been told about

the lord is my shepherd
i shall not want
he maketh me to lie down in green pastures
he leadeth me beside still waters
now i lay me down to sleep
if i should die before i wake
i pray the lord my soul to take
humpty dumpty sat on the wall
humpty dumpty had a great fall
god humbles the proud
and the lowly he raises
then abraham gave up the ghost

and later when
bud taylor taught him to do things he knew he shouldn't do he begged jesus to help him. and when he was alone in the 8th street flat he would rebuild the temple of solomon, step on goliath's neck and command the sun to stand still but always the next day he was ashamed and stayed indoors and read books or in the evening he would play run-sheep-run hard to play off his sins: for he wanted to grow up to be a preacher so that he could wear his collar on backwards without being laughed at and go to heaven. he was willing to give up being a jigger: **the question girl** wouldn't come back anyway.

From a boardwalk dancefloor as highly waxed as a dude's mustache came:—

*i can't give you anything but love baby
that's the only thing i've plenty of baby*

He passed into a root beer, Japanese fan tan, hocchie coochie dancer sidestreet. Head, with shoe black bow-wing collar mustachios, and chili con carne oriental face, in crabfish red fez cap, was making his fingers do the St. Vitus dance on a bagpipe.

The wooden horses rose and fell, went up and down, let up, went into a dead insane asylum stasis, and then started up again at a galloping consumptive pace. Window display dummy legs whorled by in stirrups. Freak museum faces with Modigliani endocrine necks in the saddles. The caroussel continued, with all the jangling desolation of a Montmartre accordion:

*falling in love
falling in love
with you dear
even the stars shining above*

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*can tell just what we're thinking of
falling in love with you*

The carroussel went on and off, and when it discontinued, everything became hypnotically still for him. All about him became a lunatic still-life. Necks and cheeks distended like parade-day balloons blown up to the bursting point and then popped and shriveled as if a pinpoint had been put into them. Shooting gallery cartridges rang dead-blank in his ears. Dim coney island locomotive angelus bells sired through his hair.

"Home-made fudge! Only a dime a bag!"

Antartic polar white linoleum on concessionstand walls.

Confetti sprawled across the boardwalk. The crowds thickened and kicked it into cretin-like gapes and postures. Chippy-chasers were running up and down from end to end as if across a slick sweaty dancefloor. The last straws were being whisked off heads and mashed under foot like stamped-on golden rod. Fall with its light gray-health, leaf-crisp, brine-smart nostril-tang was coming on. It was in the air. Lorry elbowed and pushed his way through the carnival stampede toward Coney Island Avenue. There packed crowds were waiting on the sidewalks and curbs for the floats. He walked through the hollow eggshell of the throngs and toward the freak amusements. Bumping into another merry-go-round he sat down on the bench inside on the elevated platform and watched a few children riding the carved wooden steeds. It was at a standstill, at military ease. Then it spiralled lewdly. A tinny elevating tune issued.

oh the monkey wound his
tail around the flagpole
around the flagpole
oh the monkey wound his
tail around the flagpole

A little kid with a running nose was eating peanuts. Lorry paused to look at him, a horseplay smile forcing his mouth open, as he recalled the zoo and a question Max used to put to the guys when a fair was being held in the nigger giants ball park on Independence Avenue

if you were in the zoo and a lion
caught your best girl in the eye
would you wipe it, would you

made noises with his mouth.

Then everyone

Two or three girls hopped on and off the horses. A fat, glandular boy in a baseball cap thumbed his nose at two kids who were banging confetti and peach stones at him. Then it came to a silly still sanatorium halt.

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Next door the hermaphrodite, Silvie and Chester was being exhibited for a dime. Surprise postcards were being sold. Some one ran off with the fat boy's baseball cap. The caroussel started up again for no reason whatever. A girl running for it fell and skinned her knees. Lorry picked her up and was about to go off. The merry-go-round piano roll ticked out its nickel ditty. He walked away with it

*i aint got no future
but oh what a past
rose of washington square
i am the rose of sharon
and lily of the valleys
oh be my lily, oh be my lily
i'll be your flowerpot*

It went tottering through his brain. He reeled along with it.

The faces caught up in the freakish cosmical whorl of the merry-go-round, became waxen soap-like and highly glazed. Their hair grew longer and apace. The steeds went into high. The silly nickelodeon charnel-house rotation of the caroussel emphasized the cheekbones. They stood out and shone with the bogus flush of an embalming fluid.

*i am the rose of sharon
and lily of the valleys
oh be my lily, oh be my lily
i'll be your flowerpot*

went walking away with

him. It went tottering through his brain. It ground out repetitively, garrulously, handorgan-wise, shunting against his taut wornthin manuscript temples with the shocking concussion of boxcar pins coupling

oh be my lily, oh be my
i'll be your
i'll be your
i'll be your

*i'll be your
i'll be your
i'll be your*

dear christ's.

surcease

i'll be your
i'll be your

A couple of concessionstands down, a group of Dagoes were standing

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around another Wop, who was strumming a uke, and were beating time with their hands

*clap hands charley
oh clap your hands
all ye people
shout unto god with
a voice of triumph*

CONEY CONEY ISLAND VESPERS

*if you knew susie
like i knew susie
oh oh oh what a gal*

The mist balloned over the top of the rackety scenic railway with a swelling *hayden* organ tempo. It lay over the bier of coney coney island like a requiem shroudcloth.

The crazy lunatic amusement cars firecracked off, the scenic railway zigzagged through the thin skin of space composing a bit of Greek dialectics in the air. Back on the boardwalk Lorry moved toward the pavilion which set off the dancefloor.

There was a greenish cauchemar material which hung low from the ceiling rafters and formed a grandstand canopy. Postcard halloween pumpkin heads puking electric lights through their chiseled teeth were suspended.

Abstractedly Lorry looked about. At his side was a handsome ukelele Dago who was pulling off some slick and highly shellacked steps. He skidded around the floor like an exhibition stunt iceskater.

The band was running away with the crowds, going at top speed and at an exorbitant rate, like an inflation period.

Strips and skeins of sentimental pastelshaded waltz time papers ran in all directions above the floor. Confetti was spewed everywhere in small anthill mounds. The old lewd windy barbary coast frisco days came back to him.

At his other side Lorry noticed the little Mick in turquoise seagreen with cape cod gray silkstockings. She was still alone. Her circulate knee shone like a round sensual cupola, the cupola of *Sacre de Coeur*, below a jonquil paleblue slip. Lorry trained his eyes with machinegun attention upon her unleashed knee. She changed her position. Lorry moved closer and grazed her elbow.

"Pardon me," he said, tipping his hat as he had when his mother had him pose in a *Dutch* collar and dummy book for a picture. Her

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soft breezy get-up induced rhetorical politeness. She smiled, her teeth, a white fringe of brassiere lacework. Lorry warmed.

"Won't you dance?" He pulled her toward the admission gate with his eyes. Her body slid back on a steep incline.

"Can't." Her voice tooted out high and with saxophonic honey.

Everything was going at high gear. Lamps made up of hundreds of pieces of lookingglass gyrated. It was saturday night, mardi gras float night, and the floor was packed. Round moon salival spots were focused and spat upon the center of the pavilion.

The dancepalace was lit up like a dead drunk.

Lorry wanted to get her on the floor. He wanted to be the crowd with her. Her breasts were round and full as two german rye breads. He couldn't keep his eyes off them and he couldn't help wanting to knead them. She turned almost brusquely. Her lips tightened. Her oyster shell gray blue eyes were at rest. For a moment they gave off an indifferent penny machine-slot glint. Lorry tried to soften them with a smile.

"Do dance," he pleaded with an

*oh there's egypt in your
dreamy eyes*

in his approach.

She changed her mask again. The flapperish madonna with the suggestion of a Pauline wrath was gone. Still she shook her head and stared into the ecstatic rim of the brazen mellifluous saxophone.

"Oh Come On! Come on! Come on!" Lorry continued, making zooming museum-echoes in his own ears and losing themselves in

oh oh oh holy moses what a chassy

we went riding

she didn't walk

back from yonkers

i was the one who had to walk

Her lips, pursed, a bland quasi-negative, as if she had a safety pin in her mouth, she turned partly away from him and arranged her slip which had slid off the round bakery bun knoll of her shoulders, a pale evening jonquil blue.

The brass instruments blared harder than ever, and their rims and contours were as set and manprudish as a lesbian's thin-lined mouth.

Then the band suddenly stopped short with a foolish big business man's crush. The floor was cleared, entirely emptied. Its varnished pompadour slid back off its low receding mongolian idiot's face. It grinned

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inately, mask-like chinee, at the slippery steppers strung Japanese lantern-wise around the rails.

He heard the Italian again, his lips a valentine greeting:

"What do you say, jazzbaby, next one with me, hu? uh, hu."

Ah, that was the line. Lorry kattycorned the Dago and his partner at his left side. The band struck up again. The Dago thumbed the thin airplane wings of his nose and rasped as if through a haircomb dressed in toiletissue:

"Swing it baby! Give me all you have, and I don't mean maybe!"

He leaned way back as if he were balancing a glass of water on his chin, swayed his welterweight pugilistic shoulders, tossed up the *hotsy totsy* palms of his hands as though he were a Harlem tapster waiter, and ran his Wop partner through the turnstile into the corral.

The band was going crazy, doing futile futile piccolo chortles, with a lot of nigger hot dog dudish strutting glides

*please play for me
that sweet melody
called doodle-de-doo*

"Just this one. My name's Lorry. Call me by my first name. I won't object."

*i love it so
wherever i go
just doodle-de-doo, doodle-de doo*

The Dago was taking the curves at high.

"Shake that little doodle-de-doo. That a baby!"

He steered her through the crowds with an easy supple precision forming gliding hyena-laughing patterns on the floor with his movements. Lorry got an opera-glass glimpse of the Italian's red-cliff gums.

The air was griddled and caked into blocklike spuds. After an interval as vault-still as a crypt—a crypt lined with dust-grimaces and imaginary repercussions, the band shifted and the saxophone took on swaddling clothes. It went clean infantile.

The spotlights were toned down, became more liquidly salival. The faces took on a neither here nor there complexion—something of a softfelt crushhat. The smooth skin of the floor assumed a babyish stare under the complimentary spots. The saxophone oozed:

*let me call you sweetheart
i'm in love with you
let me hear you whisper
that you love me true*

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Bodies were rubbing up against one another. The Dago had fallen into a jackal glide. His fingers spread and opened fan-wise around the small of his partner's back—fan-wise, around her plush posteriors, like infected lung perforations. Then the tempo changed again and went into a wild blast. The trombone was frothing at the mouth. The lights were made more blarey. The bodies shook against one another like an eruptive civil war.

Lorry was about to go off. It was too hard making the Mick, he said to himself. He was ready to give it up but not before taking a Custer's scout last stand go-getter stab:

"Want to ride on the scenic railway?"

His voice was already cantering away through the dim planetary memory-corridors of his brain.

"I wouldn't mind," she returned.

He walked her past flapping seagull white-gray and gray-silver zepelin concessionstand awnings. Her hair, a lush hayfield after a rain, gleamed like an advertisement for cocoanut oil shampoo. The trombone still bulged against the thin plateglass air. The mist still glarey and too self-evident hovered low over the vast dirty rain-clouded sea like a vespers half-light. It slid into his bones which had become as chilly and metallic as a leaking drainpipe.

THE SLUMS OF PARIS

It was a ride in a boat through an artificial canal or waterway. There were periods of darkness as sustained as silence which were broken at regular intervals in a strange clockwork way that insinuated itself into the mind hypnotically. The sets came and went, were projected and extinguished. Apache dens, suggesting genital organ dives, were disclosed and then dispelled. An underworld boudoir scene, a woman in courtesan-lavendar pyjamas and a man with a jack of diamond's physiognomy, lay physically exposed like a cinematographic projection of Plato's concupiscent soul.

There were stages, dimly and luridly lighted, of French scenes, some of which had all the Grand Guignol horror of the *Hall-Mills* murder set in the museum of waxen images. He watched them in a strained way, as though each moment or bit of duration, like a *bergsonian* rubber band, were drawn and stretched out to its uttermost.

The museum of waxen images again unfolded itself in his mind: a cocaine fiend's home reappeared: with the apostolic footnote: *crime does not pay*. The interior of a diningroom suite: a table, a vacant chair, a

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drained cup and an empty bottle near one end, and a *jug* at the other rim of the table, implying moral blemish and religious disorganization. The jug again stood out in bas relief as though its peripheral arrangement implied a moral shading, and an underemphasis—as though the outline of the *jug* and the shading were coincident, impressing in italics upon him, the relationship between ethics and arrangement.

He saw again, as he had witnessed an hour or two back, several spectators, standing transfixed, their lips, willess, a loose salival nekrophilic sag, gaping at made-up corpses in uptodate tailored suits, stagnant rivers of blood running in a stasis from one or two mouths, lying against a garage-drop. Irene, the jolly fat girl, her bushman clack clack laughter, tripping up and down gargantuan bulbous rodent staircases of her throat, Hubert's museum trained mobocratic fleas, trained businessmen, Alzora, the turtle girl, a swiftean fleshblob, Elsie-John, *the enigma of the human race*, the hermaphrodite, a freakish spinozistic proof of a dualistic universe, the mysterybox, the metaphysical pandora mysterybox,—all that flooded in upon him. The hurdygurdy in the *Petit Cafe*, a stageset on the outside of *The Slums of Paris*, went into a dead thudding anaesthesia. The melodrama of it turned his stomach. He thought he would vomit. Blob and fleshlike, rembrandtish meaty goulshish whorls of trailed and entrailed . . . Alzora, the turtle girl (*l'art de la boucherie*), Woo Foo, the immune man, the leprous leopard boy, the radio mind, marajah mentalist, crime does not pay (the hell it doesn't, look at . . .), jesse james killed by bob ford april 3, 1882, the ides of march, World Wonder—the Lord's prayer engraved on the head of a pin—drop coin in the slot—turn handle forward and backward—look into microscope—*give us this day our daily bread* . . . Princess Doraldina, tells present-past-future—5 cents a pack of playing cards:

leo, about the 20th of the month
the sun enters the sign.
it is not wise to look always
on the dark side, "into
every life some rain must fall."

The Slums of Paris flickered again. The faked-up grotto made of wood and canvas rocks recalled Calvary Cemetery, all those boulders which formed a wall around the graveyard and which were so intensely natural and real as to suggest artifice. All the desolation and dizziness of artifice, of contrived unreality whorling and swirling in his brain and in the pit of his stomach like the round-and-round caroussel. As if a surgeon had thumped his knees to see if his reflexes were normal, he jerkily let go of

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his partially-licked custard cone and flung it into the water, and silently groaned. He thought of his mother again, her head always a dissociated skull, her chin a slick poignant chip of soap, her body always corpse soap-sculpture, and whenever he thought of her, Calvary rose up before him and crucified him until he wished she were dead. Death lay in his stomach like a stale cream puff, and he wanted to reach to get it out. He wanted to be clear of her, to cut the material filmvision of her out of his brain.

And out of the bottomless pit of darkness in the *Slums of Paris*, the bottomless pit to which he had no key, the dead Wolkes mouldered in his mind the rotten applecore bones of him haggling away in the wind of the earth's watercloset effluvia like *zwei alte haxe*.

Out of the *Slums of Paris* he fled from her and was dissolved in the crowds. In the men's toilet his eyes scanned homosexual inscriptions. Up the stairs and outside, rushing toward the subway:

*oh, the bowery, the bowery,
we won't go there any more
pushing up the daisies
pushing up the daisies
OH THE BOWERY, THE BOWERY
oh the bowery, the bowery
we won't go there any more
WE WON'T GO THERE ANY MORE*

went screaming and
fleshblobbing his ears. Up the steps gardenseedcereal went pouring out of
his mouth the dead Wolkes in the puking orphan boy's mind.



THE BUST IN THE VESTIBULE

Dudley Fitts

*Don Giovanni,
a cenar teco
m'invitasti.*

i

Then Cosgrove took out a blue handkerchief
and twilled it about his thumb. 'Have you lost your key?'
he said; 'Have you decided? Come, time to be going.'

(But my belief

is: Cosgrove died a week ago next Labour Day.)

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So sorry, guy, to make you wait

They say
(they knock at my door, scratch at the lintel, they
push their fierce voices over the transom, they
say:)

“It’s time Mr Fitts. Didn’t you know? Its
time Mr Fitts. Time.”

Time?

—But

of all men else

*I should never have come out, I
should never have mislaid my key*

So sorry guy

of all men

else, I have avoided thee.

I have kept him waiting in my vestibule.

. . . though he is patient Though his eyes are blue . . .

‘Only look’ he said ‘how it’s all subdivided:
‘30×50, down as far as can be.’

Or up (I insist)

—‘Or

‘up,’ he said; ‘and posted (look) NO TRESPASS
‘&

PERPETUAL CARE

(I suppose that means they cut the grass)—’

So sorry

That means the elevator’s on all night.

But it’s only a flight;

I’ll walk up

and ring at their door.

He said:

‘I was just going to suggest that myself.’

Time. Time to be going. Time.

(Though he is patient. Though his eyes are blue rock.)

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ii

Sally there's a man named Cosgrove waiting for me downstairs in the vestibule

Sally I don't know him at all well He was there when I came in just standing there Sally

I slipped by him I said *Good evening Mr Cosgrove* he said *Have you decided?* he said *Time to be going*

But I came on upstairs Sally Sally he's a strange person his Mouth hair nose eyes ears his whole head and his neck down to the shoulders is stone Sally

His old grey topper his eyeglass and embroidered scarf are marble Sally

His legs bestrid the Oceans his left wrist

Spun golden pucks like planets across the crystal floor

And worlds over a chaos of brown space

His right foot was a burning triangle against the base of the outer door.

His face

I saw him in Acoma:

Staff in hand, the Governor
came down from the Mesa (and the drums shuddered) and
for five simoleons from Cosgrove's largient hand
led us up into the Tower:
and all beneath us the topaz-lighted plain
below us all the dancing: blue cornmeal
or sacred pollen or chromatic serapes
littering the Plaza

(O Cosgrove
in the Avenue the deft Isottas wheel
south under twilight

but I
remember only the Seventy-Ninth-Street throat,
amazed that marble was flesh):

The Pueblo clangs brass at brass noon.

Look,

your eyes also Your eyes—!

Sally is there ice in the frigidaire Are there guest towels enough?

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Cosgrove: he will be up he is coming I know he'll be up He'll want a
cocktail

He'll want the evening paper Sally Sally he'll want Grandfather's Revere
snuff-

Box Sally he'll want me and you you too Sally he'll

Want he'll want

(Time to be going. Time.)

Cosgrove Cosgrove: Alas he is dead he's just died Alas he's dead when I
saw him standing there topper Alas and eyeglass and stone scarf
He's dead and that's why I sha'n't get in without ringing because he will
have my key And had been here

Wanting a cocktail (he has drunk your heart) and the evening paper
(he'll read your brain tomorrow) and you You

He has known you Lain with you Known you love Love love (and planets
Whirled plattering from his tangent brows to burn

Yes where there's (No), in my tongue my heart eyes here, Here, I say
Here—

iii

No, not here, not in my house, Not here, but somewhere,

Somewhere, there are they whose eyes follow

The line of winds shattering against red windows, high up

In sunset of steel and concrete; there, not here, not here, somewhere,

Somewhere, there would be the way of saying these things: this

*I saw him just last night at Michel's this He was so young this
He was standing in the vestibule only tonight, top-hat and scarf:
it was late: the scrubwomen had piled all the chairs up on tables,
rolled aside the rugs; he looked right at me, said nothing*

Somewhere, somewhere Not here: there are those whom thought

Of Cosgrove hurts; there, his death swings

Around inward around channeling the hot gyre of brains

And hearts where dancing is,

Piercing throughly cortices of marble, here,

Eyes of stone: till the stone eyes ache, and the aching

Thin glaze encyst them over, the small nerve stiffening:

There, they will say *Good night Cosgrove, Good night,*

And only a girl's voice, only a fireside story,

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Remember that we have suffered much, that we
must go to bed, since he is dead)

Since the annunciator is broken downstairs, since the 'phone
Is out of order, double-lock the door, lock each window, draw the shades

Good night Cosgrove

Carefully, so: Carefully, redouble
Partnership in what really must have been quite a shock really.
Say that Death is no respecter of persons.
Comment that his wife may sleep lonely now.
If he knew, if
(and sleeping may dream perchance,
Somewhere: of what places?)

iv

So there would be the way of these things: Travel.
You travel. You know the alleys then; or, alone
walking the wood at noon,
or cycling through the hot Devon fields after luncheon,
or at dusk maybe,
penny buns and jam in a haystack by the roadside,

or, turning up a side street
in New York or London, the
flare of a cigaret: his face twists back to meet
your face, in a heartbeat, in a raindrop swift on your forehead,
strangely cold, strange,

or, his name is called
in a Kansas town, suddenly, from the corner drug-store,
in the chime of ten, casually, in a chord,

or later, or very late that night,
we registered as man and wife at the Haarlem House
(a huge oldfashion unclean room with two beds)
and, staring out from the crazy scrawl
his eyes blue stone in the desk lamp:

his eyes between us all the long night,

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star light, star bright,
no other light

(*Did you know?* he sailed away in a Dusenbergs
over the twilight asphalt *Do you*
remember? and left me furious with remorse
for having delayed him, standing there in my vestibule
Do you believe? or where he is now or
where he is *Do*
you he will not ever come back for me
again *hope?* not again, not
ever, not again)

The bust of Cosgrove in the vestibule,
niche'd between ranks of name-discs and pushbuttons,

I SAID I HAVE COUSINS IN PARK AVENUE
repeats stone-eyed the annunciator's denial:

OR I COULD GO TO MY AUNT'S IN FIFTY-THIRD STREET

In the Avenue the smooth Isottas flow
south and north after midnight. Somewhere, a softer
voice at a drowsier hearth (somewhere, darker
than this dark vestibule) he is remembered . . .

Of Cosgrove and his bust, what remains now
but a mouthful of ashes, but words, but a girl's crying



A FAREWELL TO THE RISING SON

Albert Halper

VII

The trip back to Poland was very monotonous. It took three weeks. We showed our passports to the officials at Piotrkow and Kalisz and rode the last leg of the journey in a freight car. A few Russians were with us. They wore Russian uniforms and their clothes were not very snug. Pi-kowski said nothing to them. He was from a very ancient family and

was young and good-looking and Polish history was not compatible with the Romanoffs. The Russians were baistruks. Pikowski did not call them that, but from his face I knew he was thinking that. I understood. The train roared on. At Wroclaw we had to show our passports again and it was a bit boring because the official was a tall lean man with a dirty neck and an unpleasant breath and he was near-sighted and pushed his face very near us when speaking, but it couldn't be helped and the next day we were with our division and there was the smoke of battle, the whine of shells and rats at night scratching at the tin boxes of food.

That week there were no victories. Things went badly. The gueneral, twenty miles in the rear, sent no congratulations but was busy instructing a new cook how to make *kasha*. It made no difference to me. When I slept I dreamt about all the fishing trips I had taken alone when I was a small boy and I sometimes thought about my soul, but not often, because if you think too much about it, it is very bad and the night will go slowly and I remembered the grand beautiful days in Paris with Lady Cynthia and I did not want to remember them. It was better not to think about her. I tried hard not to and if I failed it was perhaps not my fault. Was I in love with Sakarine Kowalka?

The next day there was a small victory and only eight thousand were killed. We did not advance but it was a victory just the same. The gueneral, sitting over a bowl of hot *kasha* twenty miles away, dictated a telegram and the next day the men were told to sing the Polish national air. In the evening it rained and the gun flashes of the artillery lit up the sky. The helmets of the men were shiny in the glow, their shoulders were hunched and wet and thirty per cent of the division had a bad cough.

An orderly walked into the dug-out. He went away. Pikowski sat over the maps frowning. He ran his hand through his hair.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"Tomorrow we will be relieved. Are you glad?"

"Yes."

"We will go visit the *kurvas* once more."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you will see Sakarine Kowalka."

I did not say anything. It made no difference to me. The war was here. The next morning we were relieved. We marched back and it did not rain. The men were tired. They went along, following the road and their boots were muddy, their arms heavy and a strange whistling sound came from their mouths as they walked. The sky became cloudy.

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When we reached the encampment it was raining. I walked past the house but saw no one in the window. Some one was coming my way. It was the hunch-backed Bishop. He shook my hand warmly and his eyes were shiny.

"Sakarine Kowalka has gone to visit her uncle in Minsk. She will be back next Friday. She loves you. It has made me very happy."

I did not say anything. The rain came down. The Bishop was getting wet. I was getting wet. Both of us were a little wet. We strode away together.

That night in the mess hall Pikowski drank much *vino*. He sat next to the Bishop and stroked the Bishop's hump. He teased the Bishop.

"You like nice young *kurva*?"

The Bishop blushed. Pikowski's voice grew gentle.

"I will get you a young one, one that is plump and warm. Well, what do you say? A young one, eh?"

The Bishop looked embarrassed and stared at his food, not eating anything. The other officers smiled. Pikowski drank more *vino*, banged on the table and ran his hands through his hair. He glared about the room. The candle light wavered.

"Yes, yes, yes," he shouted.

Afterwards I placed my hand on his shoulder and took him to his room. In the morning he was all right and it was not raining. Two black crows flapped their wings against the window and cawed at us. Pikowski shivered.

I was waiting for Friday. But on Thursday we were ordered to the front again and there were no victories there and the sun beat down fiercely, the men were tired and guns thundered all night. Outside the dug-out a dead soldier was tangled in the wire and his chalky face, grinning at us, was pecked by the crows. Pretty soon he was noseless, then there was only the bare white skull and a few flies buzzed in and out through the eye sockets.

We were relieved the next Tuesday and when we reached the encampment Sakarine Kowalka was not back yet. Did I love her? The Bishop came and sat on the bed in my room and said her uncle was very ill and she could not leave until he grew better or died. It made no difference to me.

That night Pikowski was very sad. In the mess hall he did not tease the Bishop. The other officers smoked and told smutty stories and the Bishop finished eating quickly, then left the room hurriedly.

Afterwards, with the spring air blowing through the windows, Pi-

kowski sat on his bed and stared at the floor. He stared a long time, then looked at me.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"We leave for Paris tomorrow. We go see the cafes, hear music, make love to a few girls and have good time. The war can wait."

"Yes."

"It will be here when we come back."

"Yes."

"It will always be here."

"Yes."

"No, leytenant."

"No," I said.

"Yes. Yes, I say. Yes, yes, yes!"

"All right."

I stood up and went to the window. It was dark. Pikowski turned over on his side, faced the wall and began to cry quietly. Down the road two soldiers were marching to the latrines.

It made no difference to me.

VIII

All the way to Paris Pikowski felt very fine. He was thinking of the wine and music and the cigaret smoke that would be hanging over the tables and the girls who came over to sit with you, crossing their legs high and pouting their pretty mouths which looked like red, red cherries. Pikowski spoke about it.

"They have mouths like cherries, but they have no cherries," he said, sadly.

The train hurried on. It was a good train. It made few stops. When we arrived in Paris it was already dark and the street lamps were lit and cabs were going up the drive. I felt very happy. All the old days came back and I remembered Lady Cynthia, the crowd around the Dome and Julien's and I knew they were all gone now, and I felt sad; they were gone and that was the end of it. Pikowski looked at me.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"You must not look sad. We are in Paris, we will have good time and in Paris one must not be sad. To-night we will drink and have swell evening. I know, I feel it."

"All right," I said.

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We went into the hotel and Pikowski tipped the boy and we ordered a bottle and then went out. It was night. Our uniforms were snug fitting, we strode along. The first cafe we visited made me feel sad again. Most of the men were old or very young. The others were away. It was the war. We ordered two bottles and after a while the girls came over to our table but they had too much paint on and when they laughed it sounded like coughing and they looked rather tired and it was a bit sad and boring. One of them sat on Pikowski's knees and pulled his ear.

"Have a drink," he told her.

She had two. She sat on his knee but kept looking at me. I did not care. Nothing mattered. Pikowski shoved her off and I shook my head at her. She went over to another table but all the while she kept looking at me and her eyes were large and sad. At eleven o'clock we walked out. The night was warm and cabs were still going up the street. Around the corner was another place and we went there. The waiter came over and we gave the order. He spoke about champagne. He was a short fat man and had a small dark mustache. His voice was smooth and gentle.

"It is very good," he told us.

"Yes," I said.

"It is from 1897."

"All right."

He went away. He came back. We filled the glasses. The music was loud and a bit off key and the girls looked our way but did not come over and it was rather sad here, too, with only a few very young boys or old men dancing and cigaret smoke and the rattle of glasses.

Then some one came in. Pikowski sat up. I saw that he was in love right away. The woman was tall and my heart began to pound, she had fine fair hair and looked very beautiful and a man was with her and I knew him, too. They sat at the next table. I was feeling pretty rotten. Both of them looked at me. The woman was very beautiful.

"This is Count Canti," she said, turning toward me at last.

I stood up and bowed. Pikowski, looking at me narrowly, stood up and bowed. Both of us bowed.

"Kapitan Pikowski," I said.

Lady Cynthia smiled. She was very beautiful. All the old feeling came back and I fought it hard but it was no use. She was rather willowy and languid and her eyes were very deep. Her voice was low and tremulous. Was I in love with Sakarine Kowalka?

"You are with the Polish now?"

"Yes," I said.

The Count, a middle-aged man with bags under his eyes, looked bored.

"Oh darling, darling, darling," she whispered when no one was looking.

I did not say anything.

Afterwards Pikowski and the Count went out for a walk and we were alone. She reached across the table and put her hands over mine. Her eyes were misty. She was very beautiful. For a long time we looked thoughtfully at each other. The orchestra began playing and we stood up to dance and oh Christ it was wonderful having Lady Cynthia in my arms once more, nice bumping into other couples and smelling her hair, feeling her moving against me, her breath on my face and the way she looked at me. She saw my uniform and stroked it gently as we swayed over the floor. The drummer tapped softly.

"You are in the war?" she said.

"Yes."

"It will be over soon."

"No."

"It will, darling. They can't go on killing forever."

"No," I said.

"Then it will be over soon."

"No."

After the dance we went back to the table. Outside the newsboys were yelling the headlines. It sounded like Spain but it was not Spain. It was the war. Lady Cynthia kept looking at me.

"Have another drink," I said.

"All right."

We danced three more numbers.

"Oh darling, darling, darling," she whispered as we circled over the floor. But it was no use. Always the past coming back and going away, the coming weak but the going strong, her arms around me now and the perfume on her gown, the soft firm feel of her and the slow close dancing. She kept looking at me.

"I will get rid of the Count, darling."

"No," I said.

"Yes. We must be together again. Yes, yes."

"No."

The dance ended. I led her to the table and afterwards Pikowski and the Count came back and they looked at Lady Cynthia and she was

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crying but trying to hide it and the Count frowned while Pikowski stared at his glass and smoked another cigaret.

At two o'clock they left. Lady Cynthia whispered a few words when the Count was putting on his hat. He placed his hat on very carefully and I shook my head at her and she put her handkerchief to her eyes again. It made no difference to me.

Back in our room, sitting on the bed, I told Pikowski about it. He felt bad. I could see it on his face.

"We will leave tomorrow, leytenant. Paris is no more. It is the war. You are a brave handsome American and it is a stinking world. Yes, yes, I say, we will leave tomorrow."

Outside the cabs were going up the street. It was early in the morning.

I buckled my belt tighter and stood with my back to the room, staring at the arc lamps.

IX

When we returned to the war it was already May and another offensive was being planned. It was to be the big spring drive and the officers talked as if a tremendous victory were certain but their voices did not ring with conviction and the men scented the conversation and were seen talking in groups together when the officers were not around, but nothing was done about it. One private, a little skinny fellow with a long bony nose, went everywhere, whispering, and he looked comical. As soon as we got back the Bishop came to see me and asked about Paris and I told him about that city and he sat on my bed, but all the time my thoughts were vague, my words were hollow and I kept looking out the window. I could see the mountains. They were over toward the left. They would always be there. Three crows were circling and against the dull sky resembled airplanes.

The Bishop sat humped up and looked at me. His big dark eyes, very soft and sympathetic, did not leave my face. Did I love Sakarine Kowalka?

Outside it began to rain. I stood up and closed the window and the rain, driven by the wind in long slanting lines, struck the glass and the world outside was blurry. Things looked indistinct. The Bishop looked at the window too.

"It will soon stop, leytenant."

"Yes."

"Such a rain is good for crops, but it is bad for the war."

"It is very bad," I said.

The rain came down harder and hissed against the window pane. We sat in silence. The Bishop cleared his throat.

"Sakarine Kowalka has come back, leytenant. She has been here already a week. She is deeply in love. I am very happy. Do you pray at night? You should do so, it will console you; you will see. But I am very happy for you, very happy."

Someone was coming up the stairs. It was Pikowski. When he saw the Bishop he saluted very solemnly and the Bishop smiled.

"You must not salute me, kapitan," the Bishop said.

"I salute you," Pikowski said.

"You must not. It is not necessary."

"I salute you just the same. You are a good man and for that reason I salute you. The leytenant is a good man too, a brave handsome American, but I will not salute him. Only you I salute."

He brought his hand up again very smartly. The Bishop began to blush. I saw that he was pleased. He was very young and hunch-backed and his folks in Kamientz burned candles for him. Pikowski smiled.

"You like *kurva*?"

The Bishop did not answer. His blush changed, taking on a deeper color. Pikowski stood in the doorway, his shoulders damp from the rain, and a few drops of water ran off the peak of his cap. He had been drinking; his eyes were very bright. Now the Bishop flushed deeply, shifting uneasily in the chair, his eyes moving from the chair to the table. Pikowski saluted once more and smiled.

"*Kurva* is good for you. You are a young man. You should try a fat one first, a nice fat one."

The Bishop got up hurriedly, shook my hand warmly and went out. He did not look at Pikowski. Afterwards I stood near the window and watched the rain. The road that went away was muddy. A few soldiers were marching to the latrines and they were wading through the mud. Two of them wore caps and four had mustaches. Pikowski took his coat off and lay on the cot. For a long time he stared at the ceiling and did not say anything. Two flies were crawling slowly up the wall. Pikowski turned over and buried his face in the pillow and pretty soon his shoulders were going up and down and I knew he was sobbing. I turned away and stood near the other window where I could watch the rain. Beyond the latrines were small hills and there were clouds there and the wind drove them very near so that the whole sky grew dark and

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overcast. Pikowski lay quiet. He was facing the wall. The room was very still.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"Life is like that."

"Yes."

It is a vise and it breaks some people and afterwards we pick up the broken pieces and glue them together."

"Yes."

"But the broken bits are hard to pick up. Sometimes they are very small."

"Yes."

"And sometimes the wind blows away a few pieces and they get lost and then it is too late. We cannot do anything about it. That is the way it is. Yes, yes, yes!"

"All right."

"Leytenant."

"Yes."

"Spain is a great lovely country. It does not rain there and the sun shines and the people go to the bull fights. We should be Spaniards. They are a great race, they will save the world."

"Yes."

Pikowski sat up and his face was a bit puffy, but his eyes were clear. He had the clear eyes of a young good-looking member of an ancient Polish family. I buckled my belt tighter.

The rain stopped. The clouds went away. A line of soldiers plodded in the mud, winding in a crooked file around the flag-pole, then marched back. The sergeant's command rang sharply through the grey quiet air,

In the evening I left Pikowski and walked alone toward the lake. The air was damp and after a sentry passed by I heard footsteps and Sakarine Kowalka came toward me hurriedly.

"Oh darling, darling, darling," she said.

I kissed her a few times. The sentry walked slowly back, his gun over his shoulder, and a dull light glanced from the barrel. He was a very young boy and the gun was too heavy for him and he looked tired. When he walked away again Sakarine Kowalka took my arm and we went along the path that skirted the lake. Here we heard the small waves coming in, the occasional splash as a fish leaped and there was the wind in the trees.

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"Oh darling, darling, darling," she said. "You do love me, don't you, and you are back now, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I was so worried, darling. You went away to Paris and I did not see you for so long, but now you are back and you will not go away again. I will not allow you to go."

"There will be a big drive."

"I don't care. I won't let you go. Oh darling, darling, darling."

We stood kissing for a long time. It made no difference to me. Further on was an old log bulking in the dark and we went there. We sat there. Sakarine moved closer.

"Don't take your arm away, dear. You must never take your arm away. Oh darling, darling, darling."

The moon went behind some clouds. Afterwards we walked slowly back and heard a big hawk flying swiftly overhead. We heard him but could not see him. There was a whirl of wings, then silence. Sakarine Kowalka began to cry quietly. Before we reached the lights of the encampment we stood in the shade of her house and she would not let me go and the air was damp and we were a long time kissing, standing in the mud.

We looked up. All the windows were closed and dark and the house had a shut-up look. Before I left we arranged to meet the next evening.

Going back to my room, remembering the kisses and the rain, feeling my boots sinking in the mud and myself plodding along, I thought of life and happiness and the broken bits of existence, and I wondered if I could ever pick up the pieces again. I wondered if a man who has felt the grip of human experience, who has gone down dim dusty highways with shells whining overhead, who has been with the *kurvas* night after night, only to come back feeling old and hollow: I wondered if this man could re-assemble the broken bits of life again and make of it a strong iron staff.

By the time I reached the long narrow row of houses the hawk had circled over me twice. I went along, going through the damp and the dark, thinking my own thoughts, and pretty soon I saw the lights in the windows and the men inside talking together. A drunken officer stumbled past me, coming from the *kurvas*. His hat was on backwards.

Was I in love with Sakarine Kowalka? In the distance the big guns were thundering.

Rain began to fall again.

X

The next day the sun was shining, the road lay bare and dusty again and above the hills hung a thin blue mist, but it was very far away. The gueneral issued an order and the officers talked together and the men knew it was the big advance because underneath the stillness was a certain intensity, and many wrote cheery letters home.

That night I met Sakarine Kowalka by the lake again. There was a moon and the air was still. We went to sit on the fallen log. A sentry walked by but it was very dark and he did not see us. This time he was an old fellow and a wart was on his chin.

We sat on the log for a long time. Over the water we saw a few gulls flying and whenever one of them dipped into the lake, bringing up a small fish, there was quick silver shimmer as the moonlight struck the dripping body. Sakarine came closer.

"Don't take your arm away, darling."

"It's not away."

"Hold me tight, hold me tighter."

"Yes. Is that all right?"

"You dear. Oh darling, darling, darling."

We sat kissing. The sentry walked by and went out of sight. The small waves came in quietly. I did not take my arm away.

"You must never leave me, darling."

"The big drive starts tomorrow," I said.

"It makes no difference. You can't leave me. You can't go, darling."

I did not say anything.

"You do love me, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," I said.

"That's right, hold me that way. Don't let me go. Hold me like that forever. Oh darling, darling, darling."

We sat kissing. Then I stood up. For a while I was silent. Finally I buckled my belt a bit tighter and said a few words. Sakarine did not answer. I waited.

"Well?"

"We can't do that, dear."

"Why not?" I said.

"We can't."

"We can if you want to."

"Oh darling, don't ask me."

I did not say anything. We stood quietly. Then I kissed her hard

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on the mouth, and her head fell back, her heart began to beat wildly and she put her arms slowly around my neck.

"Oh darling, darling, darling."

The sentry went by, not seeing us.

"I was only fooling, darling," she said and we kissed again. "I'll do what you want. You do love me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you will marry me, won't you?"

"The big drive starts tomorrow."

"But it can't touch us, dear. It will mean nothing to us."

"All right," I said and we began walking back.

Our shoes dug into the soft earth and my arm was around her waist until we came onto the road. Behind us was the lake, long and narrow in the darkness and I thought about the future even though I did not want to think about it. I thought about the barbed wire, the smoke of battle and men dropping. I wanted to pray. I wanted to talk quietly to the Bishop, to look into his big sympathetic eyes but it was night, the day was not here and we were walking to my room.

We went up the stairs. The room was dark. Pikowski must be with the *kurvas*, I thought. I wrote a note and pinned it on the outside of the door. Then I buckled my belt a bit tighter. Sakarine sat on my bed, staring at the window. The lights across the way were small and yellow and when a soldier walked by out on the street it seemed as if the lights were winking.

I sat down beside her. Both of us were silent. After we kissed a few times we felt better. I put the light out and we sat in the dark. We could not see each other but that made no difference; it was enough that we knew each other was there, enough that we knew we were bringing so much courage to this world. We were about to break our lives into little pieces and tomorrow we would have to pick the bits up again.

"Darling."

"Yes," I said.

"We can't do it."

"We can."

"We can't, dear. Oh please, please."

I took my hand away in the dark.

"Oh darling, don't leave me. Don't ever leave me, don't take your arm away. Put it back. That's right, hold me close, hold me tighter. Oh darling, darling, darling."

A sentry walked by under the window.

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In the night we heard footsteps coming up the stairs, but they went away.

I felt very wonderful.

It made no difference to me.

In the morning Sakarine went away and I stood up and dressed and washed my teeth, pulled on my boots and saw the men getting ready outside. The day was gloomy. I ate breakfast and Pikowski sat next to me but looked the other way and afterwards I went down to the lake. Sakarine was there. I thought she looked very beautiful.

"Take care of yourself," she said and tried to smile.

"I will."

"Come back soon, darling."

"I will."

There was a rumbling up the road and dust rose slowly in the air and I knew that that was the beginning of the big drive.

"I've got to go," I said.

"Oh darling."

"I'll be back."

"Kiss me again. Oh darling, you must come back now. When you return you will never go away again."

"No."

"You'll never leave me then."

"All right."

"Well, good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said again, "there's time for one more kiss."

I kissed her. In the distance, over her shoulder, I saw Ladislas, my orderly, holding my horse. The line of men, dark grey against the earth, moved up the road. The thud of boots was in the air.

I walked away. Sakarine kept waving her handkerchief and I waved back. Ladislas held the horse near the mouth. I swung up onto the saddle, gave the animal a touch of the spurs and he shot ahead. I did not look back. I wanted to, but I did not. Up in front the line stretched out, curving over the next hill. Two big cannon stalled in the mud and a sergeant was swearing at the drivers, waving his arms under their noses. A man came charging up on a big brown horse and shouted something but I did not catch the words and he rode on, spurring his mount. In the distance a bluish cloud of smoke hung low over the earth and toward noon we heard the slow dead rumble of continuous thunder. Planes were

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circling above us all the time. The men kept marching.

It was the big drive.

XI

When night came we were very close to the front lines and the men lay on the field in their clothes and no one was allowed to smoke. A husky sergeant went among the soldiers, warning them, but when he had his back turned they smoked, hiding the cigarets in their hands.

A few hours later the big guns swung into action and there were quick flashes that lit up the darkness but very few of the shells reached us. Once in a while search lights played across the sky, moving slowly from west to east, then from east to west.

Everybody tried to sleep. Behind the cannon the horses stood with hanging heads, all bunched together and two sentries walked up and back. Further on were the ambulances and occasionally we heard the drivers laughing in a rather smothered fashion.

Pikowski came over and we sat on a pile of saddles. He handed me a package of cigarets and struck a light. It went out. He struck another. The sergeant came up.

"Put that out."

Pikowski paid no attention. He struck the third match and this time we lit up and began puffing.

"Put that out," the sergeant said sharply. "You can't smoke. It's the order."

Pikowski struck another match, held it to his face and the sergeant saw that he had been talking to an officer. His manner changed.

"Psheproshem pana, (if you please, sir) kapitan," he said, "I did not know you were officers."

"Psha-krev!" muttered Pikowski and the fellow walked away. I laughed.

We sat smoking. We did not hide the cigarets in our hands. If we got hit by shells it was all right. It made no difference to me. It was all the same. Afterwards we lay on the ground and tried to sleep and I remembered the broken bits of life, but now it was dark and rather chilly, too, and I did not bother about picking up the small pieces. There would be plenty of time for that. In the west the big guns kept booming and the far-off thunder seemed very far away.

I say we tried to sleep, I say we lay upon our backs, thinking in the dark, the gun flashes lighting up the sky and the horses bunched in shadow, and I want to tell you that although there were three hundred

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thousand men on the field I was alone; I was alone with myself and the men did not count, neither did the horses, the cannon or the search lights, and hour after hour I lay thinking, trying to reassemble the broken bits of my life. Was I in love with Sakarine Kowalka? Pikowski turned over and mumbled. He sat up, leaning on his elbow.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"The big show will start tomorrow. If we are alive at this time the next day we will be lucky. It will be a big drive. Maybe it will be a victory."

"Yes."

"But even if a victory comes it will not be over. The war will be here. Yes, yes, yes."

"All right."

"It will never go away."

"No."

"Maybe in a hundred years, leytenant, it will go away. We will never live to see it. Our children perhaps will, but not us."

"All right," I said.

The big guns grew quiet. All around us were the sleeping forms, sprawled out in the dark. Over in the shadow one of the horses raised his head and began whinnying and a soldier hurried over to stuff wadding up his nose. Pikowski fell asleep, his right arm under his head.

At the first crack of dawn the camp was stirring. We drank cold very dark coffee and hard biscuits and the officers rode by and the men stood up and then we were going over the fields in ragged formation. The big guns over the hills began booming again and the smoke ahead of us was very blue and heavy. In the west were four airplanes and one of them detached from the others, there was a puff of white smoke and it circled a few times, then spun crazily to the ground. The three other planes went away, flying swiftly as gnats.

By noon we had reached the front lines. The firing was intense. The horses had been abandoned and we had to stoop a bit while walking through the narrow crooked trenches. The trenches had been dug in a hurry and were not deep enough. Thirty miles to the rear the gueneral sat in an empty farmhouse and stuck little colored flags in a big war map. He telegraphed us that there would be a very big victory. Pikowski spat off to one side.

"The Nyemyatches are very strong," he said.

"Yes, the Germans are strong."

"They are a prolific race."

"But we have the Russkys behind us," I said. "They will support us."

"Ha-ha. Yes, yes, yes. The Russkys are behind us, they are like Paris garters, they are good supports. Ha-ha, leytenant, they are behind us all right, they are always behind us. Yes, yes, yes."

"All right."

Two hours later our own guns opened up and the sky was full of smoke and flashes. I walked up and down the trenches, crouching, and gave orders to the men. Six boxes of ammunition lay in a spot where the trench turned sharply to the right and I had a squad carry them into the dug-out for emergency.

The firing was continuous. We charged once, only to fall back again. The wounded were left on the ground and in the pauses, when the guns were silent for a second or two, we could hear the men moaning and calling to us. One of them must have been very young, because he had a high thin voice and kept sobbing. "Oh Christ, oh Christ." The guns picked up again and at the next pause we did not hear the boy any more. I buckled my belt tighter.

In the afternoon we tried to advance three times but we did not gain a foot and the field was covered with fresh dead and wounded. Airplanes circled overhead and we watched a fine duel. Three planes came down, twirling slowly in the air and bursting into flames before they reached the earth. The men stopped firing and watched.

Afterwards we did not try to advance any more and the gueneral did not send any more telegrams. Maybe it was a victory but he had nothing to say about it. Toward dusk the air grew thin and light and it looked like rain. The firing stopped. I told the men to rest and Pikowski walked up to me and we smoked. His face was very dirty, with black smudges from cheek to jaw and when he laughed his white teeth shone.

We were at the front for three months.

The fall came, dull and chilly, and the ground grew hard and very

We did not advance.

bleak. Every blade of grass withered and we saw very small sparrows flying by. In front of us the barbed wire, very rusty, sagged from post to post and pieces of clothing which were caught there fluttered in the wind. Big strong birds, circling above us every day, swept over the earth, cleaning up the field systematically and pretty soon there were only weather beaten boots sticking up and stray coats scattered about and

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occasional helmets, rusty in the rain. It was a hard fall, with a raw driving wind, and both sides sat grim and waited.

By the time the first snow came another drive was planned. Day after day the officers met in the big dug-out, sat over the maps and sometimes there were arguments and one officer would move a small colored flag to a certain spot and another would disagree and move it back.

Then one day the order came for the big advance. In the morning the sky was streaked from west to east with broad bands of darkness and there was the booming of the big guns behind us which were firing to hide the advance, and the ticker was busy answering messages from the gueneral who sat near the fire-place of an abandoned farmhouse thirty miles away. By noon everything was ready. The men were given extra rounds of ammunition and we waited for the final command. I looked up the narrow crooked trench. A big lean rat nibbled at a soldier's boot and he swung down with the butt of his rifle, smashing the rat's head. The gun was bloody and he wiped it on his sleeve. I buckled my belt tighter. Pikowski's jaw was set. There were fourteen planes droning overhead and behind us the guns boomed louder than ever. Smoke rose from the brown stark earth.

Was I in love with Sakarine Kowalka?

XII

It was the big advance. We crawled over the top, digging our fingers in the hardened ground, and the men held their guns slung sideways, ready to fire. The large cannon behind us kept booming and in the foreground great clouds of earth were blown skyward, hiding us from the enemy. The command to fire was withheld, the men advanced over the lumpy ground. In the rear the small cannon followed, the horses straining, the drivers swinging whips which cracked over the rumps of the animals, and once in a while some of the men put their shoulders to the wheels and the cannon rolled on.

I walked beside the men and saw, far ahead, the lancers riding in advance. When we reached the barbed wire a detachment with snippers cut the wires and there was a loud twanging in the air. The whole army advanced, going slowly over the uneven ground, and there were huge shallow holes and the men had to walk around them.

And now the sky was dark, even though it was only early afternoon and the wind rose, singing monotonously over the bare flat land. A few dead trees, very grey and stark, flung their withered branches out, like scrawny fingers clutching at the air. It grew cold. The men hunched

their shoulders as they marched. Their hands grew blue and stiff holding the guns and some of them breathed on their fists. Up ahead the column stopped and suddenly there was a sharp burst of firing and we knew the show had begun. The men spread out in a loose fan-wise formation and the command to fire was given. The crackling ahead grew louder. Forms began dropping. A young lad in front of me turned over suddenly, as if he were wrenched. I hurried forward, my revolver hot and smoking. The boy gripped my arm, mumbled something very quickly in Polish and began fumbling under his coat. His tongue hung out and his eyes began to roll. I did not understand him. Shells were going by. His grip on my arm stiffened.

"Let go," I said and tried to take his fingers away but they were as strong and rigid as claws and he rolled his eyes up at me.

"Let go." I tried again. Then, moving over him, I swung my fist and clipped him on the jaw. He dropped to the ground, heavily. I strode on. Ahead was the smoke and roar of the fray. Over to one side I saw Pikowski shouting and waving his arms.

"Come on, you bastards," he cried, "do you want to live forever?"

I went over to him and we advanced together, fighting side by side. He was a young good-looking fellow and came from a very ancient family and he waved his arms and shouted to the men. His face was smudged. I fired from the hip, aiming into the smoke ahead. Suddenly the big guns in the rear stopped booming because they were afraid of hitting us and it seemed rather quiet and all we heard was the sharp crackle of the infantry. High above, airplanes were wheeling but nobody looked at them very often. Then the guns of the enemy began booming and forms began dropping on all sides. Pikowski spat to one side. He fired from the hip. The men looked at us, questioningly, but it was not in our power to give the general command. Ahead the smoke grew thicker. It was blue and rolled toward us in heavy clouds, slowly.

An officer came running and shouted something in Pikowski's ear. Pikowski thundered back, waved his hand and shook his head. The officer shouted again. Once more Pikowski shook his head violently. Then the guns in front began booming louder than ever and men dropped on all sides. The third time the officer shouted Pikowski stood quiet and did not answer. The officer hurried to the left and dimly in the smoke and roar I saw him shouting at another kapitan, standing close to the kapitan's ear and pointing to the rear from which we had come. The kapitan nodded.

Pikowski came over to me, crouching as he came, his face covered

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with sweat and grime, his revolver smoking hot, almost as smoking hot as mine. He scowled and muttered something. I could not hear, the noise was too great. He placed his hands to his mouth.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I shouted.

"We must go back," he yelled. "The Germans have broken through. They have broken through in five places. It is bad. The war is going badly."

"Yes."

"It is very bad," he screamed.

"All right."

Both of us were shouting to make ourselves heard. The men were watching us, their eyes soft and beseeching. Pikowski wheeled, emptying his gun for the last time, then gave the command. The men fell back slowly, looking sullen, turning to fire as they went back. The sky grew dark. Suddenly I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left arm, just above the elbow. I did not say anything. Pikowski came over quickly. His face was distorted as he watched me.

"Does it hurt?"

"A little."

"You must go back."

"No."

"Yes."

"No," I said, firmly.

"Yes. As a kapitan I command you. You must fall back. I command you, I say."

So I retreated with the others. My arm hurt, the stinging sensation did not stop. Pretty soon I felt that my sleeve was wet; it did not matter. I put my hot smoking revolver in my holster and marched back, sullenly like the others. It was growing darker. Turning I saw the low blue rolling clouds of smoke hanging over the earth. Toward the left Pikowski was talking to the men as he fell back with them, telling them when to wheel and fire. A shell whined overhead. I stumbled over many bodies. The groans of the wounded rose toward us from the ground as we fell back.

By the time we had retreated a quarter of a mile everybody knew the Germans had broken through. Our own guns were silent behind us and far back, over our secondary lines, we saw clouds of earth rising in the air and we knew also that the enemy's long range guns were finding their marks.

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Five minutes later another officer came running toward us, waving his hands wildly. He was very excited and afterwards we fell back faster, walking without turning to wheel and fire at the enemy. The small cannon, hauled by frightened horses, rumbled over the uneven ground. The drivers swung their big whips frantically. None of the soldiers stopped to help. Everything was moving back. My arm did not hurt any more, only a dead dull throbbing pain was there. Pikowski kept looking at me often but I set my mouth in a hard smile and did not say anything.

Turning back to look for the last time over the smoking earth I felt something damp striking my face and glancing to the sky I saw that snow was falling. The flakes were very large and fell quietly. The men plodded on, the thud of boots was in the air. Pretty soon the ground became white, and the wind, driving from the north, whirled snow in our faces.

It was the big retreat.

XIII

We fell back a whole mile and the officers kept talking to the men, telling them to be composed, to take their time, it was nothing at all. The snow, falling slowly, grew heavy underfoot and soon the ground was slushy and our feet got wet. We could hear another squad of airplanes droning overhead, but because of the snow we could not see them but we knew they were there. It made no difference to me. My arm began to hurt again, not the sharp stinging pain now, but a dull hammering throb, as if the blood were pounding only above the elbow, leaving the lower part of the arm numb. Through the falling snow I saw Pikowski, slushing on.

"Kapitan," I called.

He came over to me.

"How is it going?"

"Not so good, leytenant. They have come through. They have come through in five places and we are falling back and the men already know it. How is your arm? You must fall back also. I command you to do so."

"Yes."

"We are retreating, it looks bad."

"All right," I said.

We fell back together. The whole army fell back. We kept falling back in unison and the snow fell and the wind blew it in our faces and the cannon of the enemy kept booming in the distance.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"Do you like trout fishing?"

"Yes."

"It is a noble sport. I have friends near Plock who like to fish. They are good fishermen and there is a river there. It is a wonderful sport."

"Yes."

"If the war were not here we would be trout fishing together now, leytenant."

"Yes."

"But it is not over."

"No, kapitan."

"It is here and we are here and it is snowing."

"Yes."

We fell back some more. The whole army fell back and the ground grew softer all the time and snow clung to the coats of the men, the cannon stalled and we heard the drivers cursing as they whirled the big whips over the rumps of the animals. Once in a while a man fell to the ground, weak from wounds, but there was no time to help, no strength to spare. We fell back sullenly. We plodded through the slush. Our feet were wet and cold. I shook the snow from my shoulder with my cap.

"What is the matter?" Pikowski said.

I had hit my bad arm and my face must have winced a bit. I did not say anything.

"Leytenant," he said anxiously, "what is the matter. I command you to speak. Is it your arm?"

"No," I said, firmly.

We strode on.

Suddenly the booming behind us grew very loud and some of the shells fell right in front of us and the men grew nervous, looking back at the firing often. Up above, the planes sounded louder, the humming was harsh and distinct and a few bombs began dropping.

"It is nothing," Pikowski shouted to the men.

The men heard and kept falling back. It snowed heavily all the while. There was no attempt at formation. Pretty soon the slush reached our ankles. Was I in love with Sakarine Kowalka? I was an American, I was fighting on the eastern front with the Polish and night after night I had lain in bed, staring at the ceiling, trying to pray, but no words had come. Sometimes life is like that. You do not realize that the broken

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pieces are strewn about, you pay no attention to the lovely things in human existence, but I can truthfully say that there comes a time when a man must bring all the courage he possesses to the sum total of his experience, that he must turn his face firmly to the wind and storm of life and walk toward eternity with humility carried humbly in his hands. I have known many people in France, in Spain and in America, and I can truthfully say they are not picking up the small strewn bits of their lives. It makes no difference to me. It was still snowing. We were still falling back. There was the booming of guns.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"It is going badly."

"All right."

"Spain is a great lovely country. There is bull fighting there."

"Yes."

"They are a great race, leytenant. They know how to live. They rarely bathe and the sun shines there and some of them have beautiful manners."

"Yes."

"Do you like Spain?"

"Yes."

"What kind of razor blades do you use?"

I told him. He shook his head violently.

"No, that brand is no good, leytenant. You should try one of mine. It gives a closer shave. I command you to try one of mine."

"All right," I said.

It was still snowing. The slush was reaching our knees and the booming behind us grew very loud and on all sides were abandoned cannon staring at us with their dark silent mouths. A wavy curl of white smoke came from one of them. We plodded on. There was the screaming of wounded horses and the drone of the planes grew faint. Now the men marched silently and some of them threw their guns away. They walked with their hands shoved in their pockets and kept looking at the ground. We struck a road that led toward the hills and the ground grew firmer and pretty soon trucks were rolling back also. It was the big retreat. Pikowski stared ahead.

"Leytenant."

"Yes," I said.

"It is the big retreat, leytenant."

"All right."

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It was no use picking up the strewn bits of life now. We were falling back. We had been falling back for a long time. The men knew the Germans had come through. Everybody knew. Life is like that sometimes. If you have tried to pray at night and failed, you know what I mean; you know that the dawn comes slowly, that after every calm there is a storm and that you have to bring courage humbly to the sum total of human experience. I did not say anything.

Ahead were the hills, half hidden by the falling snow and above the hills were the mountains, but we could not see them. They were too far away. They were too far away, but we knew they were there. They would always be there. Even if the war would end the mountains would not go away.

It was still snowing. In front the line stalled and I marched out upon the road and stared ahead. In the distance I saw the trucks standing on the road, two deep, their tops heavy with snow, the impatient drivers, their arms on the steering wheels, poking their heads out to see what was wrong up in front. The whole line had stopped. We had been falling back, but now we were not moving.

After an hour we went forward again. Suddenly from the right came the sharp crackle of rifle fire. The men grew alarmed. It was the war. They began to run and did not look back. The trucks tore up the road, horns honking, knocking soldiers over. Everything was in confusion. The snow was whirled in our faces. Pikowski shouted to the men.

"It is nothing," he yelled, "it is really nothing."

But the men paid no attention. They had been marching very tiredly but now they began running and the sharp firing from the side did not stop. Pretty soon everybody was running. The snow fell. The whole army was coated with the soft clinging flakes. We kept falling back. It was the big retreat. I did not say anything.

Pikowski was running at my side, his face grim. He pulled his revolver out and called to a soldier who was running faster than the others.

The man ran on.

"Halt!" he shouted.

"Halt! I command you to halt"

The man ran on. Pikowski fired twice and missed. He turned to me, his face disappointed.

"You fire, leytenant."

I pulled my gun out. We were trotting along, side by side. Another

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soldier began running very fast also. I fired. There was a report and both men toppled over. Pikowski hugged me.

"Ugh," I said, pushing him away.

We kept falling back. Pikowski kept looking at me and his eyes were shiny.

"We must go to Spain again in the spring," he shouted toward me as we ran.

"Yes."

"We will watch the bull fights."

"Yes."

"We will have a grand time, leytenant. It is a great lovely country and we will have a beautiful time."

"Al right."

"We will go in the spring."

"Yes."

He was about to shout something else and his mouth was open when a shell whined and he dropped. The men kept running by. The whole army was falling back very rapidly. It was still snowing. I stopped and lifted Pikowski's head up. There was a long clean hole in back of his right ear where the bullet had entered and it had come out his forehead. Blood was pumping feebly, flowing over his eyes. I stood over his form until he died. On both sides of us the men were still falling back. They had been falling back for a long time and above the hills were the mountains but we could not see them. I heard the thud of boots and the sound of slush and saw the men throwing their guns away and the snow fell upon Pikowski's upturned face, hiding the blood and the dark clean hole. I had loved him like a brother and we were going to Spain in the spring and it would be sunny there and in the evening we would sit in a small cafe and hear music and maybe a few girls would come over and sit on our laps. The snow fell quietly. On the road the trucks were tearing along. I placed his cap over his face and strode on, falling back with the troops and it would not have mattered if I had been wounded a hundred times because that was the way I felt.

By the time we reached the crossing which led over a narrow bridge my arm had swelled enormously and two young officers were looking anxiously at my face. I told them it was nothing and I was thinking of Pikowski while the army was falling back, thinking how he had been young and good-looking and had come from a very fine and ancient Polish family and I knew he no longer had to pick up the broken pieces of life.

I crossed the bridge and ran on. A hundred yards further I turned

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back at the sound of a dull report and I saw that the bridge had been blown up and there were trucks rolling down into the narrow racing river. The current was swift and there were large rocks at the first bend. I ran on. A mile down the road the world seemed to grow gradually quiet and the snow looked as if it were disappearing and I had the sensation that I was being smothered by a warm soft darkness and I was falling and falling until I almost reached the bottom and it was beautiful there.

Then I heard a murmur of voices, there were hands on my forehead and once more the dark warmth seemed to smother me and I dreamt that there were many victories and trucks were falling into the river and large flakes of snow melted as they touched the water.

Then there was nothing for a long time and afterwards I felt alone.
(*To be concluded*)



FOUR POEMS

Norman Macleod

BITTER ROOT

In the Bitter Root there were sapphire mines
And ticks were a menace to the cattle.
I followed the myths of mica and gold
And turned flapjacks with grizzled
Prospectors: the cabins were of spruce
And the pine was a forest along the horizon.
The bald tops of the mountains
Were above the snowline and ptarmigans
Were a white silence in the hills.
The beavers gnawed the edge of the winter
And jackrabbits were a hunt in the creek
Bottoms. My mackinaw was a covering
For a stag shirt and my breath was a frost
As clear as the skies on a blue day.
I hunted along the ridges for sheep
And the trails led from one cabin to
Another: there were no women for me
To look upon. The mountain men were

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Starved from too much body hunger
Until their skulls encased a hardness
No winter could penetrate.
I warmed my hands at many fires.

FLATHEAD

The Flathead Lake was an Indian myth
And cold as the northern winters
That rimmed the shores with ice.
There were no ice boats for the lake
Was much too large and the antelope
Came down for water. The mountain
Sheep came down from the crags
And pastured in the valleys. The smoke
Of many wigwams was a mist in the haze
Of the air. The sun was miraculous
And far away as the time of spring:
It rose and arched and sank until
One would have sworn it was much
Beyond the sky and telescopes of wonder
Were fastened to our eyes. The Mission
Range was blue with the silence of cold.
No buckskin rovers took the glaciers
Down to the valley: the canyons
Were a sharp hollow in the hills
And the spruce and tamarack hid
The grouse from cougars: there were
Many tracks in the snow and in the villages
Beside the lake were frozen fish
And Blackfeet maidens with eyes like does
And hands as soft as softened leather.
Their bodies were firm as the landscape
And their knowledge of several races.
Their homes were rendezvous for winter
Pleasure and their love was more than something
To ever know. They grew old with the seasons
And their lives were wrinkled with hardship.
They came to a time of silence
When their tepees and fires could not warm them.
And they were old and their brothers dying.
The lake was a floe of ice in the hills.

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SALT AIR

At Saltair we swam in the lake in winter
And the salt was relish to our tongues
And the air was bracing as our lives,
Fresh in our waning adolescence.
Youth knows the time for action:
We swam like deep sea fish in deep sea waters
And returned to the city by way of the dunes,
The salt like alkali upon the plains.
At night the electric incandescence
Of the dancehall was a golden glow
In the Utah air; the girls wore many dresses
But each one never more than a hand
Could touch and still be knowing
The texture of her body. We liked
The Mormon girls and we often took them home
From dancing. The lilacs were sweet dew
For us to lie under. Sometimes we stayed
At their homes in the cellars
With a cot for us to sleep on.
We had no money but plenty of life to draw on.
They spoke of many things simply
But of nothing with sophistication.
We liked their lips and their palms.

R. R. YARDS

At night we walked in the darkness to work
In the railroad yards, switching engines
And greasing pistons in the shops. The lights
Above the tracks were heavy and never struck
The rails without gongs ringing signals.
The red and green lanterns were myriad
Against the buildings. Our brows were sweaty
And our hands greased with labor. But we always
Left at dawn. We could not stand it for long,
Sleeping in the daytime and at night
When the girls were dancing in the auditoriums,
We were working in the yards.

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We quit soon afterward. It was no time
For us to be slaves. We were young
And many nights were before us.



COUNTERFEIT

Joseph Vogel

"Nobody's sick, nobody's sick." Carl thought he was walking along Fifth Avenue. "Mister, can you spare . . ." His soft collar was soggy and stuck to his neck. There were too many people on Fifth Avenue. The shoppers were all right when you had a crippled twisted hand or black glasses and *Help The Blind*. The young men were all right but they didn't understand. "Say, what's the matter with you, are you blind?" The autoist let go of his brakes. "Help the blind, all you sick people, help the blind." Carl thought he had crossed the road. "I'm sick, lady . . ." The lady brushed by him. "Need a quarter for a meal. Here's the Manufacturer's Trust Co. Put them up, quick! Keep quiet." He thrust his hand behind the cage and seized a bundle of bills. The teller suddenly sank below the sill and a siren shrieked. "All right, you got me, but I need a dollar. All right, but hold me easy, I'm sick. Everybody's sick, everybody's sick." Carl thought he was gliding along the sidewalk. He saw a man he wanted to speak to. Looked like a banker, one of the old school. He tried to stop, but the sidewalk glided under his feet. "Mister . . ." He turned and walked back. The banker had stopped to hear him better. "Can you spare a quarter for a meal?" Carl thought he was saying, "Can't walk, sick, want to lie down . . ." The banker was talking . . . "usually go with a man so he won't spend money on a drink . . . look honest . . ." Carl closed his hand over a quarter.

On Sixth Avenue he entered a Coffee Pot and invited the head shipping clerk to a meal. The head shipping clerk always made him laugh, he was hopelessly stupid, so Carl told him to go to hell. "You ought to be working under me by rights. I know more about this job than you." The head shipping clerk's face turned red. "All right, if you know so much, then find yourself another job." Carl laughed. "You're so dumb, you never know when someone's kidding you. What did I say? I only said you're a nice guy. All right, you can go to hell." Carl picked up his own check and thought seven months slipped by. "Don't fool yourself, don't fool yourself." He rose mechanically from

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his chair, went over to the counter, pointed at a dish. The counterman called him back and asked for his check. "Huh . . ." he didn't know what to say. "Pardon . . . forgot all about it." He carried a pork sandwich back to his table. "Hello, Joey." Carl turned around. "Still working for Bloomingdale's? How's the broad in the silk underwear department?" Joey blushed. "Pork is bad food for a sick man." Carl thought he was speaking. "It's cool, though. Good for fever. Hello, Joey, how's the broad in the silk underwear department? Ha, ha, that's a good one. It's bad for a sick man." The food was tasteless, but it burned in his stomach.

It was hot in the cafeteria. Carl pushed the plate away from him. His sticky hand rose to his forehead, wiped away beads of sweat and left his face hotter. The cafeteria was a little purgatory. Not a napkin in sight. Dishes clattered loudly and sent darts of pain through his body. The little ugly Jew with a small black moustache was telling loudly about his experiences with the blonde called Jeanette. He smacked his greasy lips. All the little black-haired Jews with little black moustaches. Carl rubbed a finger across his lip. He needed a shave. His hand was greasy. He pulled over a loose newspaper sheet and noticed that his fingers trembled. Might see a doctor, a little black-haired doctor with a little black moustache. Son of a bitch. "Go to hell. You're so dumb you can't take a joke. Sure, I'll get a job tomorrow. A better job. Damn it, go throw your little lousy Jeanette into the East River. See if I care about Bloomingdale's." Paper good enough. He wiped his hands on it, crumpled it in his fingers. Counterfeiters Caught . . . He threw the ball of paper away from him. It struck an old woman's legs. She looked at him angrily.

"My father was a counterfeiter in Warsaw. He was a tall crazy Swede who served six years in jail and then drank himself to death. He killed himself with home-made booze."

"That's news," thought Carl. "Counterfeiters caught. Thousands of ten dollar bills, then freedom and booze." Carl's eyes brightened. Free, free, he banged his fist on the table and bent double as a pain shot through his spine. The pain of living free, eating in the best restaurants where dishes clanking did not drive you crazy, the pain of having Jeanette for yourself and a cool bed to stretch your body in, a nurse to put a glass of ice cold water to your parched lips and a banker of the old school pouring cool shiny quarters over your hot aching body. A nurse with a white apron stood beside him. "Finished with your sandwich?" Carl raised his head. "Bad for a sick man." He thought he was speaking to

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a waitress. "Pay the cashier?" He might pull out a ten dollar bill and hand it to her. Suspicious? No, he had enough to pass out right and left without discrimination.

Carl passed them out, threw them away at beggars, but he spat into crippled twisted hands. He rode endlessly on trains, ships, ate in restaurants where waiters walk on carpets, then passing through Genoa he helped construct a white-walled hospital and on the top floor under a skylight he put himself to bed but the fever would not go away. Then he walked down to the street and found himself in the north and his teeth clattered loudly, sending a pain through his spine. He wanted to buy a warm coat with his ten dollar bills but he could not find a clothing store. The snow exploded.

Carl raised his head. He saw a man opposite him eating black beans, moving his jaw up and down. There was a rotten odor of beans. A fork scraped the bottom of the plate and carried the black beans to the man's mouth and the man swallowed the beans. Carl gazed into the man's small black eyes and the man moved his eyes over to the left. Carl watched the black beans in the man's eyes.

The place stifled, heat, heat from the kitchen, heat from cooking foods, heat from beans. Coffee Pot. "Better get out. Nice and cool outside." Carl wanted to move. "Better get out. Feel too sick." Ten dollar bills. Freedom! Now only one ten dollar bill. Pay the cashier; nine dollars and eighty cents change. Suspicious? "I got a friend who is a banker of the old school and he makes a specialty of counterfeiting quarters." Cashier suspicious? "Ten dollars is all I have. Got it from the Manufacturer's Trust Co. Bigger bills too. Change a bigger bill?"

"I gotta lotta money." Do me re ti la fa . . . Marlene Dietrich no dress singing "I gotta lotta money." Song hit of Broadway. "Throw me a rose I love you give me key to your room I good boy marry you first I gotta lotta money." Suspicious? Ten dollar bill for twenty cents worth of food. American cheese sandwich. Get arrested, sit in jail. Hot jail. "Better get out, too hot, oh, weak, sick." Carl stretched out his hands, grasped the edge of the glass-top table and pushed himself to his feet. Not so sick after all. Pay cashier now and get out. Nice and cool outside. Pull out bill from wallet, pay ten dollars for twenty cents sandwich keep the change. No suspicion. Ten dollar bill. Counterfeiter caught. Sick counterfeiter put in jail. Quivering like an aspen leaf. Longfellow. Carl thought he had a ten dollar bill.

The cashier looked at him sharply. "Where's your check? Watchu-do, lose your check? Yuh better see the manager."

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"This your check, mister?" Carl turned around and saw the waitress. "You musta left it on the table, mister." The waitress smiled.

"Twenty cents, mister," said the cashier.

Carl fumbled for a wallet. His hand trembled. He felt sick. The cashier looked suspiciously at him. Can't get arrested now. Too sick. weary, weary. Want to sleep, get in bed . . .

"Twenty cents."

Carl remembered a banker who gave him a ten dollar bill. It was a blind beggar with a crippled twisted hand.

"Don't stand in the way!"

Carl watched the cashier's face closely. He thought he was saying, "Ten dollar bill. Got bigger bills. Change a bigger bill?"

"Say, Mimie, call the manager over here, quick. Here's a guy trying to get away with something."

Counterfeiters Caught. Carl thought he was caught. He wanted to get outside. The manager threw his arm around Carl's neck and held him. The diners rushed from their chairs and surrounded them. "Here, you hold him," said the manager. "I'll search this guy." The manager slipped his fingers skilfully through Carl's pockets and pulled out a quarter. He grinned, baring his teeth. "Good thing for you, sonny. Cashier how much is his check?"

"Hell, he's got a nickel change comin' to him yet," said the cashier. She threw a nickel at Carl and it rolled away under a table. "Now get out and stay out," said the manager.

"The guy looks sick," someone said.

"That don't cut no boners with me," said the manager. "Go on, beat it."

Carl walked out of the restaurant. He wanted to lie down, but he thought the manager would catch up with him. He kept on walking. He thought he was walking on Fifth Avenue.



A CRACKED RECORD

(CUM TU LYDIA TELEPHI)

Basil Bunting

Please stop gushing about his pink
neck smooth arms and so forth, Dulcie: it makes me sick,
badtempered, silly: makes me blush.
Dribbling sweat on my chops proves I'm on tenterhooks:
—White skin bruised in a boozing bout,
ungovernable cub certain to bite out a
permanent memorandum on
those lips—Take my advice, better not count on your
tough guy's mumbling your pretty mouth
always. Only the thrice blest are in love for life.
We others are divorced at heart
soon, soon! wrenched apart by wretched bickerings.



LADY LAURA IN BOHEMIA

Mina Loy

Trained in a circus of swans
she
proceeds recedingly

Her eliminate flesh of fashion
inseparable from the genealogical tree

columns such towering reticence
of lifted chin
her hiccoughs seem
preparatory to bowing to the Queen

Her somersault descent
into the half-baked underworld
nor the inebriate regret

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disturb
her vertical caste
"They drove 'em from the cradle on the curb"

This abbess-prostitute
presides
Jazz-Mass

the gin-fizz eucharist dispenses
—she kisses and curses
in the inconsummate embraces
of a one armed Pittsburger
"Here zip along out of that, Laura!"

"I can't come to Armenonville with you-u
I want to stay here and behave like a grue-u"

Her hell is
Zelli's

Where she floods the bar
with all her curls
in the delirious tears from those bill-poster eyes
plastering 'court proceedings' on the wall
of her inconsiderable soul

A tempered tool
of an exclusive finishing-school
her velvet larynx
slushes

"Glup—you mustn't speak to me
I'm bad—haven't you heard?
I'm Orful—o—g'lup I'm Horrid"

She gushes
"—know young Detruille?
Isn't he di-vi-ne
Such a sweet nature
that boy has

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The other night when he tucked in with me
we talked most seriously
we have the same ideals
My dear he has
the eyes of Buddha
O I think he's simply di-vi-ne
The only man who ever understood
everything— If I'd liked
he would'a'
married me
O I think he's simply di-vi-ne"

Out of the sentimental slobber
Lady Laura—momentarily sober
"How queer—that Detruille
said that he
once was introduced——
Well, I do wonder
how on earth ever such a bounder
happened to meet *my people*"

Sobs on my shoulder—
the memorable divorcée
and christened by the archbishop of Canterbury
Sixteen co-re—
Well let that pass!

She is yet like a diamond on a heap of broken glass.



WHITE MULE

William Carlos Williams

IV

TO START AGAIN ONCE MORE

It was the middle of May. The nightmare of the baby's birth and later illness was already fading into the past. Gott sei dank! said Joe to himself as he walked slowly up 104th St. to the elevated station—as slowly

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as he might, that is, without endangering his arrival down town on time at the office. He left the house always at 6:30. In his pocket he carried the shop keys. It was a matter of pride with him to be there every working day at least half an hour before everyone else, to have things ready for the men to start the presses on the minute of eight. That's business, he would say to himself and—he might have added—that's a man's business, that's what I get paid for. But he got mighty little for it, generally speaking. And besides, had you put it up to his bosses, nobody asked him to get there that early. That was entirely his own doing.

After five days rain this was one of those cool moist mornings in May when the country calls to the instincts with a voice of leaves and of flowers. Joe knew he was a working man, he had to be, that's all he asked them to expect of him. But very deep inside him moved another man—under water, under earth—among the worms and fishes, among the plant roots—an impalpable atmosphere through which he strode freely without necessity for food or drink, without breathing and with unthrob-
bing heart. How could a man exist there otherwise?

Life's a nice thing to keep, if you can keep it, he was saying to himself as he saw, without knowing what they were, a swarm of flying ants, which had emerged from a crack in the pavement and were fluttering now in the early sunshine above their scurrying fellows. Their iridescent wings caught the subtly exultant fancy of the walking man. That was the mood of the day for him. But it made him think of fishing. He shook his head in stern self denial however as he imagined moths and bugs of all sorts falling into streams and trout rising with a flash to take them. Sunday maybe, he'd go out on the Erie and look around, maybe put a line in his pocket—Sunday.

What the hell to do with the baby though; there you are. No, not this year. She was beginning to pick up a little now. You almost forgot she was in the house sometimes. The light of the early sun flooded into his eyes as he mounted the L steps. He paid his nickel. Again the light. The rumble of the train came growing out of the light. The light dimmed and mounted again as he entered the car and sat at an east window among laborers and serving women. Today he could see light, it had to do with all that is awake early and moves and grows stronger. It is a nice thing to keep, if you can keep it well and happy. A man must keep on, he must keep on working and then, finally, he will see the light. He will come out of poverty and be able to keep everyone happy. What is lovelier than a place in the country with small children playing on the grass, or picking flowers—that is wild flowers and peonies. That's the trouble,

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they always want to take things, anything—everything. They have to be taught not to take the things that are planted in the gardens; they are children. They want to take things that don't belong to them. That's the Unions. Revolutionists. All the same.

That's what she is, a little socialist! he smiled to himself. She's right too. Take anything you can get. Let somebody else plant it and tend to it. Just take it.

He looked around, smiling a little to himself, at the backs and faces of the sleepy figures in the train with him before the jerky background of the Ninth Avenue houses. Fools! he bit his teeth together disgustedly. Children, I suppose, he said then, babies, that have to have their arses wiped for them while they try in every way to smear themselves from head to foot while you are doing it. That's a funny thing the way a baby tries to spoil everything you do for it. They hate clothes. When they get their clothes off, they're happy. Then they kick, like frogs. They kick and if you don't watch yourself they'll kick themselves right out of your hands. That's stupid.

If you want to feed them, they try to knock it out of your grip. She's a smart one, though. I think she's going to have blue eyes. When you come near her, she stops crying. She seems to be listening. She lies still, listening. Then if you pick her up, she is happy. But if you go away again, after a minute she starts crying. She ought to be out in the park these days. But I won't push the carriage. That's a woman's job. I'll work, I'll provide, I'll be responsible for everything you want of me—but I'll be damned if I'll push a baby carriage. That's the place for a baby—out in the country.

Hello, Frank, Hello, Mr. Stecher, said the night watchman to him at the entrance to the building. Nice morning, eh? Yah, a nice day to go fishing. But I guess you're going to have a big time round here in the next couple of weeks from all they say. Do you think you'll get the contract again this year? Sure, said Joe, why not? Makes a little extra work for me, that's all replied the old man. Well, you're paid for it, aren't you? Yeh, I guess so—rotten pay, said the watchman. Do you expect any trouble from the A. F.—the American Federation of Labor—this year? Do *you*? was Joe's answer. To which the old man said nothing.

Letting himself into the empty offices and shop, the stillness of the presses, the dull, cold smell of it, Joe did however think of the old man's words. Yes, it was a battleground all right, his battleground—the bosses on one side and labor on the other—he in the middle. And he didn't

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know which end of the mess was most to be distrusted. Of late—well, he didn't know. Work, that's all he had to do for the time being.

He picked up several torn sheets of paper as he walked down the aisle between the presses—muttering to himself as he did so—and put them in the waste basket in his own particular corner over by the west windows as far as possible from the main offices. These were partitioned off with oak and opaque glass at the other end of the floor. But here they had given him a small desk—as Manager—and here he had his own safe, his own files which he himself cared for without other assistance.

For the twentieth time he took out the six sheets of carefully written foolscap and laid them before him, the writing and the numerals on it, a minute, delicate tracery as if it had been engraved: a work of art, really. But the art was not really in the writing, that was just the show of it. The meat as well as the art was in the accuracy of the figures. All estimates originated from that corner—nothing was done, nothing accepted, without that. And for this he was paid three thousand a year without vacation. Big money. Yes? He ran over the figures again rapidly, changed nothing, put the papers back into the safe, closed that and the first of the press hands began to arrive.

They wandered over to the lockers one by one and began to take off their collars, roll their sleeves and put on overalls.

I suppose we're gonna get the God damn Government Contract again this year, said Carmody—one of the pressmen.

Why not? came back from one of the others near him. You ought to be glad you got a job to keep you from starvin'—the way you did last winter.

I suppose they'll be havin' a cop standin' behind us next when we're workin' and send us all home in the Black Maria for safe keepin'. You can tell what's up when you see old parrot feet sittin' at his stall that way this time of the morning.

Aw go wash your drawers, said another of the men near him. Your old woman's sinkers is killin' you.

Christ, you guys has got a lot of wakin' up to do, youse guys—if you think you'll ever get a break around this place—as long as that tamale is sittin' over there in the corner—Pointing to Joe at his desk.

Aw shut up, said the one who had first answered him.

A fine labor leader he must a bin. Who the hell do you think he's workin' for? Youse? He paused a moment. That's what happens when they come up from the ranks, they turn on you and work the hell out of

you for old time's sake. I got that little Dutchman's number a long time ago. You wait and see.

As Joe pressed the electric buzzer that sounded all through the plant, the men began to move over to the machines.

Come on, boys, get to work, said Joe, his watch in his hand, Eight o'clock.

Right, Mr. Stecher—and in a few moments the presses groaned, slapped, grated a little and were off—so that from that time on for the rest of the day—save at the noon hour—you had to speak at a yell everywhere on the floor to be heard.

Later in the morning Joe took his arithmetic in to Mr. Wynnewood at the main office. He knocked first, though he had been told it wasn't necessary.

Come in, said the Boss's voice on the inside. Then when the door had opened, Oh, good morning, Joe, he added, and how's the new kid getting along these days?

Fine, sir.

Good, I'm glad that's off your mind. What do you know about this, Lester? said he heartily to a young man sitting near him, Joe's got another daughter. That's fine, Mr. Stecher, said the Junior partner. Meanwhile Joe was glad Gurlie wasn't there. Thank God Gurlie isn't here, thought he, or she'd make me strike him for a raise.

Probably all were thinking much the same thing for the moment, for there was an awkward pause. Then Mr. Wynnewood cleared his throat, and resumed:

Let's see the figures.

Joe handed them to him. He glanced them over. Hm, that's what it amounts to, eh? About the same as last year, isn't it?

Twelve hundred less, said Joe.

Pay roll?

Yes, said Joe.

Do you want me to check them over? said the one he had called Lester to the old man.

Christ, no, said this one laughing. What the hell would you know about it? Or me either—for that matter. Isn't that right, Joe?

Stecher smiled, his boyish blue eyes twinkling gaily but he said nothing. It was at these moments when he was completely cryptic that the true quality of the man most made itself felt. He closed himself in behind that quiet smile and a complete mystery took place before the onlooker. Old man Wynnewood knew that smile, knew what it meant, knew there

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was nothing more to be said—and knew besides that it was all to the good as far the The Wynnewood-Crossman Co. was concerned, there wasn't an abler printer than Joe Stecher in New York City. But the old man wasn't entirely satisfied with his manager for all that, though there were never any words between them, thanks to Joe's unfailing reticence.

Joe's too honest, the old man would say sometimes. Christ, you can't carry on a business that way.

How much do we make on it this time, Joe? said he to his manager who was still standing there waiting?

10%, that's what you wanted, isn't it?

Think we'll underbid them?

Joe smiled. Can't see how anybody could honestly bid less and do the work at a profit, was his answer.

All right, thanks, Joe. When are the bids opened?

Monday the 23rd. 10 a.m. at the Post Office in Washington.

Thanks, I'll go down myself this year. Look over your pressmen and weed out anyone you don't want. Fire 'em, that's all. We don't want any breakdown this time once we get going.

When Joe had left the office Mr. W. took up the figures again. Take a look at this, Lester, he said to the younger man, Just take a look. You won't see anything like this again as long as you're in the printing business in this unchristly hole of a country. Look at it. And what the hell good is it? Do you think I'm gonna send those figures in? Like hell I am. And he knows I ain't gonna send them in either. Those are our figures, that's what it costs us to do the job and I tell you one thing, those figures are right to a split nickel.

Well, what's the dope then?

What's the dope? Can we do business on a lousy ten percent. margin? On a government contract? When we go down there and those bids are opened we're gonna be close to the top bidder and every bid under ours is gonna be thrown out—that's the way we work it, that's your father's job. I'm tellin' you. Every bid under the bid of The Wynnewood-Crossman Company goes in the waste basket. Come on, get your hat. We're going up to the club.

It was hot in the shop that day. Word got around that the old man was out to skin the hide off the loafers and the machines banged and clattered all day without a let up. Joe walked up and down the aisles a couple of times, checked on a few proofs here and there but aside from that it was just a day like any other. When the men were going out,

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he happened to be over near the door looking over the addresses on some mail that was stacked to go out in the morning.

As Carmody passed by him, Joe looked up and fixed the man with his eye for the flick of a second. Good night. Good night, said the pressman. Finally when everyone had gone, Joe went quickly, expertly among the machines to see that the rollers were properly lifted and everything tidy, took another final look around, then locked up the place and started out for home as usual.

Sunset—out of the elevated windows between the houses toward the North River. He always sat on the west side of the car going home so that he could look up from his paper and see the sun setting over Jersey—where he wanted to live some day—in the country.

Götterdämmerung, he said to himself unaccountably as he caught sight again of the red blur. A fine day today though, he added. A fine May day.

When he arrived home Gurlie was giving the baby a bath before putting it to bed. Joe forgot all about supper in his amusement. He took off his coat, took Lottie, the older girl, on his knee and sat at one side to watch his wife go through the simple ceremony. He felt like that today.

There were no frills to it when Gurlie did anything. But she was in one of her gay humors tonight so everybody felt happy.

Look at the thing, she said, having stripped the baby and laid it on a blanket over the tubs. The darlin', I wouldn't give you a cent for it. That comes from your side of the family. Anybody could see that.

Yah, said Joe, it's a smart kid.

You think you're clever, said Gurlie, laughing, when you say a thing like that. Well, you are a smart little Dutchie, or I wouldn't have married you. You can bet on that, bejabbers. Gurlie was fond of imitating the Irish when she felt in a good humor.

Look out, said Joe, as his wife grabbed up the baby in one hand as she attempted to lift the half full tub out of the sink with the other. You'll drop it.

Drop it, me eye, answered the mother sturdily. You've got a smart head, but I'm the one—in this family—Yah?

Well, be careful of the baby, said Joe, Never mind anything else.

The older girl came close so that when the baby was slopped into the tub it splashed out some water which wet her shoes. With that she moved further away toward the window.

Now the baby was in the water, it folded up its little legs and shot

them out like a bull frog until the mother almost dropped it entirely. She let out a yell of laughter. What, she said, look at it! look at it!

Go on, wash it, said Joe. Don't stand there playing with it.

Look at it, said Gurlie, it's stronger than you think. I think it could swim. In some places they put little babies like that in the water and they swim.

Well, don't you try it with this one.

Say, who's washing this baby, you or me?

Look out! said Joe. You'll drown it.

That's what it needs, replied his wife mockingly.

So Gurlie ably and quickly made a few passes with a cloth up and down the baby's back and belly, here, there and around, and she was through. She picked the child out of the water.

Do you call that a bath? said Joe.

Mind your own business, said his wife nonchalantly rubbing the baby vigorously with a towel. Give me those clothes. You're one of those important blokes that has to tell everybody how to do everything. Well, you can boss your printers—and the rest of the men down there but you can't boss a woman—you can't boss me.

For some reason—tonight this sort of thing only made Joe feel warmer inside—and made him chuckle and laugh—it relieved him and made him love her the more—whereas when he was tired some days—he nearly wanted to kill her.

But today was a happy day—any way you looked at it.

Yah, you're right, he said. How's supper?

Oh you get out of here. And she shook her wet hand in his face.

He jumped. The child at the window laughed outright and coming forward wanted to throw water too. But her mother waved her off with a sweep of the hand.

That's enough foolishness, said Joe, going.

Good riddance, she answered. But he stayed to watch her nevertheless.

The infant, drugged by the warm bath, drowsy, lay back perfectly contented and smiling. She put it into its crib as if she had been putting down a cat, tossed the covers over it and taking up the bottle, felt if it was warm enough, pushed it into the baby's mouth—as it lay on its back with its head turned to one side—balanced it on a folded diaper and said to Joe who was watching her—Come on now, leave it alone. Go sit down. Get out of the way.

But he merely stepped back and let her pass, turning again to look

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at the baby whose little hands were pressed hard together as it sucked, so that the fingers seemed quite bloodless.

Come on get your supper, Gurlie called to him from the other room—if you're so hungry.

He could smell it already and it smelled good. He went at once. She served it. Lamb stew with string beans. Delicious. Down in his heart he loved this wife of his like nothing else in the world. She was beyond him—everything which he was not. Fine! he'd comment generously—when he felt that way.

One thing I'll say for you, he commented, as he sat in his shirt sleeves and unfolded his napkin. You are a fine cook.

All Scandinavians are, she came back at him swiftly. If you give us enough money to do it with.

(To be continued)



SEA GULLS

R B N Warriston

I

Strung bow
with arrow-head close, waiting—
weaving with ease—

II

Breast over-lapp'd
concedes an opposition, rises
with wing, dips
to feel, caroms up, out, and over
and recedes
in kind.

III

the bow, strung
checks—
stung down with precipitate intent
where, tangled on the water—
froth subsides.

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IV

Discordant cries
petulantly
 mew and
 scream

V

Sweep
and spiral
 are no relief.

VI

Call!
 spring
the
 torn shoulders.



THE FOUNDING OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Carl Rakosi

A slender plank above a waterhole,
planted on end to meet my wants,
let me hear it whisper in the stock,
or sway a hair's breadth, and out it comes,
Another stake driven in and well shaved
points against the light from the layout.
The maple fits upon the joist like a flower,
 a picked beam,
a great wood to plane and saw.
I tell my wife the walls are up,
the strips nailed at snug right angles,
 the floors are oiled.
The Yankee poles are almost columns.

Braced against a gloomy magnitude,
I loiter civil on my soles and buffeted,
killing time in these traditions.
Are the woodsmells getting sweeter,
or the broker working at my back,
so that all the concord in the timber
can not warm this house?

FOLKSONG

Bruce Brown

Old Lady Smith was dead. Yes, God bless her, at last the old woman, who shouted at the sound of a hymn, had gone to where her Hallelujahs and Amens were to be welcomed. She had cooked her last cabbage in the pot, sewn her last seam and washed her last tub full of dirty clothes for other people.

Alive, her long days were filled with steaming suds, blistered, water-soaked hands and smoking fires under the black wash kettle in the back yard. Old Lady Smith commanded her idiot son to bring branches of trees, bark and railroad ties to keep the fire under the kettle burning.

Bending over the washtubs by day, carrying water from the creek that flowed by her house, quarreling, lashing the air with her snake-like tongue, hating her son, reviling her ruptured husband for the boy's idiocy, planning vile and scourging revenge against her kin, and at night, reading her Bible and playing hymns on the reed organ, Old Lady Smith lived.

On Sundays and Wednesdays when she went to church and prayer meetings she always wore a rusty black silk dress trimmed with little edgings of lace at the collar and cuffs. Her hair, combed straight and knotted at the back of her neck, was dun-colored and streaked with gray. In her ears were pin holes where as a little girl earrings had been thrust. At church she shouted and prayed. At camp meetings and revivals she spent many hours in prayer, pleading for sinners to come to the fold.

The loss of Old Lady Smith to the Wanderers' Home flock was almost disastrous. No one could take her place. Her prayers, on bended knees, were the source of salvation to many heretofore icy-hearted sinners. So there in the little, white clapboard church, its altar banked with home-made wreaths of cedar fern, autumn roses, dahlias and cosmos, rested Old Lady Smith in a white dress, her yellow face gleaming.

The undertaker had persuaded her husband that Old Lady Smith should not wear her Sunday black to heaven. And now as she lay in her coffin the white dress gave her, not the look of drabness, but of gayety and happiness. The undertaker said that Old Lady Smith must surely be happy, for anyone so religious as she would be winging her way about the pearly gates, dressed, probably in the same white dress with a heavenly attachment of golden wings. Possibly, even now, since Old Lady Smith's soul had preceded her body, she was flying in Paradise, singing and shouting.

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The black brocade coffin was covered with flowers and wreaths, but Old Lady Smith could not see, and her hands were folded.

In one corner of the front bench sat her husband, gazing at the coffin. Old Lady Smith often said that she hated him. He was lazy and good-for-nothing, she told everybody. All his life he had worked at the Tioga Sawmill, slaving from early morn until late at night. His life was made of labor and a desire to cook pancakes made of corn meal mixed with flour. Old Lady Smith said that she hated him because of the idiot boy and she despised him because he bothered her in the kitchen, snooping around and suggesting odd and tasteless victuals.

Then one day Mister Smith was ruptured while working in the mill. After his wage power was gone his wife began to wash clothes for other people. Old Lady Smith berated him more than ever, for now he had the leisure to try to cook. Finally, sick and tired of throwing wasteful messes into the slop bucket, she threatened to leave him if he ventured into her kitchen again.

In the summertime Mister Smith tended the vegetable garden and grew flowers in tin cans and old, leaky tubs. After that was done he sat on the porch, doing nothing. He ate the bread that his wife provided and craved pancakes, listened to her vehement chidings, and she begrudged him the bread that he ate. Often she locked him out of the house in winter. And Mister Smith sat on the porch, meekly, shivering, his guts heavy in his stomach.

Next to Mister Smith on the front bench sat the idiot son. He was born when Old Lady Smith first married. Through all the years she scorned him because he was an idiot and was cruel to him. When the boy grew taller she ran him away from home four times. Always he returned, falling at the doorstep in convulsions, biting the dirt and tearing his bleeding face with thorn-like fingers. Old Lady Smith kicked him, clubbed him and cursed him and his father for coming into her life. The boy sought peace with his father who loved him.

Old Lady Smith's two sisters and her brother filled the space on the bench. Both sisters nursed infants in their laps. Behind them sat their children ranging in age from six months to eighteen years. Old Lady Smith quarreled with her two sisters and her brother long ago. Everybody throughout the swamps, across the river in Missouri and in the town knew about it.

The two older girls married and left their father, and the brother joined the army. They left Old Lady Smith to care for their father. It had been almost a year of bickering and fighting between the old man and

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his daughter. She would not cook, ran around with the country boys most of the time, and let her father sleep on a bed made of two sacks full of hay and dirty rags.

Before the year was out she married Clem Smith and left the old man. Two weeks later he died. No one said anything about it, but Old Lady Smith was blamed for neglecting her duty.

After her father's death she claimed more than her share of the meagre, weed-grown farm. Among the four heirs the sixty acres were to have been divided equally. Fifteen acres to each. Old Lady Smith demanded twenty-five acres because she had put up with the old man's whims. He was a trial, she told everybody. Her sisters and her brother fought the matter out in Mister Smith's back yard. They fought with fists, fence palings and buggy whips. It resulted in black eyes, bruised limbs and bleeding faces. Neighbors had them arrested for disorderly conduct. Then the circuit court judge settled the dispute. When he divided the land equally without further word from the battling family, Old Lady Smith said that she would never look them in the face again as long as she lived.

Not once in twenty years, after the property had yielded nothing, was sold for taxes, did the sisters and the brother see Old Lady Smith. Not until the funeral in the Wanderers' Home Church. Then Old Lady Smith, the loudest-mouthed of them all, was silent.

The sister's clothes were black and dusty, for they had come many miles in a wagon along the dry, hard-baked roads, seated in kitchen chairs. Their kids had hung their legs off the tail-boards in the backs of the wagons, and their heavy-ribbed stockings were yellow with matted dirt.

Mister Smith sat, visibly moved by grief. His fingers twitched nervously, and heavy, hoarse sobs shook his shoulders. There was weeping, unrestrained and at times hysterical from the two sisters, who, their faces hidden by veils, grunted at their younger children to keep quiet. At times they gave them resounding smacks on their bottoms when they irritably squawled or wriggled. The brother, looking dumbly at the preacher in the pulpit, shifted uneasily in his seat.

The younger sister's oldest girl switched her long, braided hair that hung down her back, and bawled. There were gasping, choking sounds. Men cleared their throats, and faces dipped into already tear-soaked handkerchiefs. Uncle Fred Rider preached the service, droning, tearful. He turned the pages of the Bible, reading slowly. About the church was the odor of death, of flowers too sweet and nauseating, of sickly crepe, of sweating men and women, of stinking children.

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Outside the church in the autumn sunlight horses tied to trees neighed sorrowfully, mules brayed and hound dogs lolled under wagon beds, gazing sadly through the golden brown, yellow and red trees to the graveyard, where once and for all, the lamb of the fold, the holy, the sanctified Old Lady Smith would forever be laid.

Old Lady Smith's idiot son yelled, blubbered and frothed at the mouth. He went into a convulsion there on the church-room floor, grovelling as the choir sang "Nearer My God To Thee." Slowly, nasally, homiletically, women's voices sang the dirge and male voices, sobbing, cracked and grumbling, joined as the congregation passed by the coffin. They gazed curiously and then returned to their seats.

At last the family surrounded the coffin. The choir sang the last stanza of the song. Loud screaming and piercing outbursts of sorrow came from the sisters who kissed the cold, lifeless hand, rubbed the wrinkled forehead of Old Lady Smith. But their lost one lay, her fallow face smiling, sardonic, amused. The gold earrings in her ears glinted in the sunlight that fell through the stained glass windows.

The undertaker placed the coffin lid on the coffin. He forcefully removed grimy, gnarled hands that clung to the black brocade. Pallbearers carried the corpse down the aisle.

From the church the funeral cortege moved slowly to the hole in the earth. Heads bowed low under the hickory nut trees in the graveyard. Violent sobbing and fond gestures were all for Old Lady Smith. Screams and hysteria sounded on the air as the coffin was lowered into the grave. The idiot son fell, one leg slipping into the hole, but the arrogant undertaker's assistant snatched him from danger. Men with spades threw clods over the pine box that enclosed the coffin. At first the clods fell loudly as they hit the wood, then as more dirt fell the sounds grew fainter and fainter.

The sisters and the brother cried. "Goodbye, oh my sister, my poor, poor sister! What will you do when the frost comes and the ground freezes with snow and sleet?"

Men covered the mound with wreaths, and the undertaker stuck a blue, enamel grave marker at the head. It read: "Mary Jane Smith. Born May 6, 1860. Died October 14, 1930."

After the burying the relatives walked among the tombstones, reading epitaphs. "A red rose bush will grow at Mary's head," a sister said. It was growing colder. They walked swiftly to their wagons, hopped in, laughed gayly and heartily over silly remarks and waved greetings or goodbyes to groups of friends. Children sat in the backs of the wagons,

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swinging their legs off the tailboards, laughing, squealing, pinching one another and crying.

The older ones looked toward the sun that had begun to sink. A great ball of fire showed over the hill. Winter was in the air.

Mister Smith and the idiot walked lightly homeward. The boy made inane sallies, his eyes rolling in his head. Mister Smith laughed merrily. It sounded like drops of water falling in a tin bucket. The sun went down and as soon as they reached the house by the side of the creek, Mister Smith sent the idiot for firewood, built a fire in the cookstove and measured corn meal and flour. He began to sing:

"The devil chased me 'round a stump,
thought he'd ketch me at every jump,
keep your hand on the plow, hold, on, hold on!"



UGLY GUNS

Sherwood Trask

Ugly guns in a panoramic pit.
The grey gulf has the taste
Of a malleable iron foundry.
Ratchet-voiced equipment
Strews and is strewn.
What is an arm?
What are those armor ribs
With which nature shields little boys,
Now grown in stature to seize the hot tools
With which they abbreviate life
Everywhere about.
Oh, men are driveling;
They recall not the least testimonial of the budded wood.
Nor of the rampant grain places
Where they love to live.
They
And the limbs of hand-planted trees
And the burlap bag of sky with which the heavenly holy
of holies is underslung:
All these, aghast, are like a tossed graveyard.

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Ugly guns in a panoramic pit.
Gun crews, from a thousand thousand valleys
Fragrant as butter-crocks at spring-houses,
Gun crews, that once as nurslings
Left moist aprons to go the a, b, c kindergartens,
Deposit steel, twirl steel,
Accurately twitch at steel,
Until it gash and aggravate once more—

Ugly guns in a panoramic pit
With gun crews spattered into every part of it.



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